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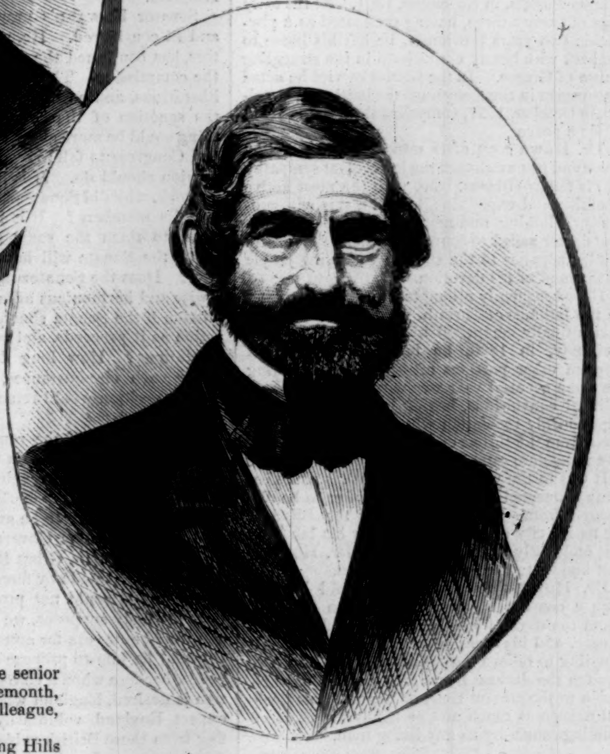
SAN DOMINGO.

WE give on this page the portraits of the Commissioners to San Domingo, together with a sketch of an interesting historical spot in San Domingo City. The small column at the corner of the building in the centre of the illustration was built by COLUMBUS when he first landed there in 1498, as an altar around which to worship God until a building could be erected, having decided immediately on his arrival there to abandon the city of Isabella, which he had commenced on the north side, and make that his seat of government. It is just within the walls of the city, near the marine gate, and at the junction of San Francisco and Colon streets. Although constructed of coarse materials, and probably in great haste, it is in a most remarkable state of preservation, as may be seen on a careful examination. The little house adjoining was likewise built by COLUMBUS, and occupied by him until a suitable place of residence could be built on the opposite bank of the river. Although substantially constructed of stone and mortar, it is now without roof, and its walls in a crumbling state; in striking contrast with the little rude altar at the corner, which bids fair to stand as many centuries more, to perpetuate the memory of the great and good man and his exalted piety. General LAVASTIDE, a native Dominican, who espoused the cause of Spain at the time of the annexation, and is still in Spain, deeded this property to Queen ISABELLA in 1863.

HON. BENJAMIN F. WADE.
[PHOT. BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON.]

PRESIDENT WHITE.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOMLINSON & BEARDSLEY, ITHACA, NEW YORK.]



DR. S. G. HOWE.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHIPPLE, BOSTON.]

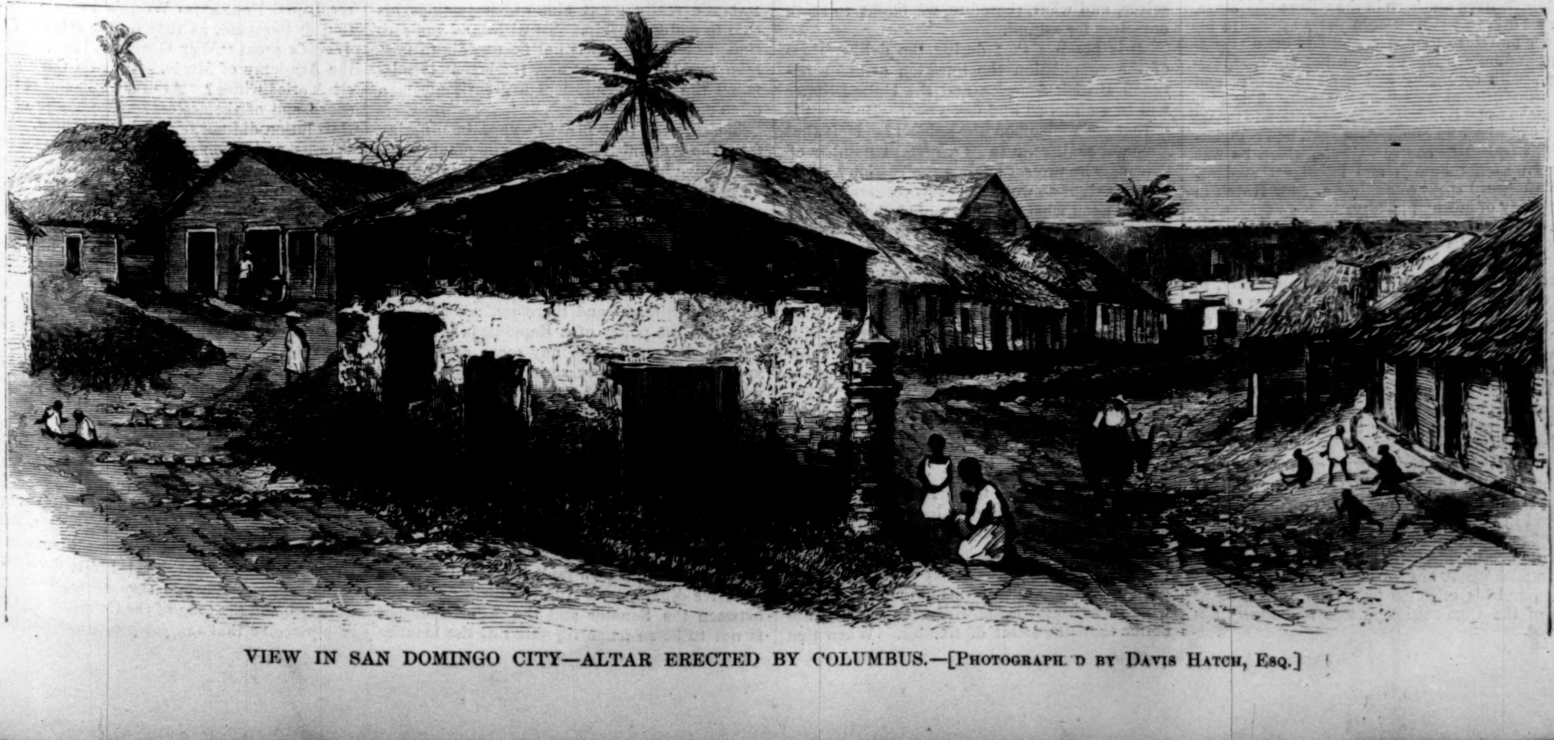
THE COMMISSIONERS.

HON. BENJAMIN F. WADE.

THE Hon. BENJAMIN F. WADE is, in years, the senior member of the Commission, but only by one twelvemonth, having been born the year before his illustrious colleague, Dr. HOWE—namely, in 1800.

Mr. WADE'S parents resided at the time in Feeding Hills Parish, near Springfield, Massachusetts, probably in very humble circumstances, and the future President of the United States Senate had to pick up his early education as best he might. That he did manage to acquire knowledge while working on a farm in the summer, or at other times sawing lumber, is evident, for before emigrating to his future home in the West he taught school in his native State.

In the year 1828 he was admitted as an attorney and counselor in Ashtabula County, Ohio, having previously studied his profession in the office of ELISHA WHITTLESEY. Seven years after his admission to the bar he was elected Prosecuting Attorney of his county, and two years later was returned to the State Senate, to which body he was twice re-elected. In 1847 he was chosen by the Legislature Presiding Judge of the Third Judicial District of the State; but this office he held only three years, being elected United States Senator in 1851, which honor was conferred upon him for the second time in 1857, and once again in 1863. Thus we see that Mr. WADE never sat in the Lower House either in the State or Federal legislature. The Ohio Senator soon became prominent as a leader of the anti-slavery Whig party. In 1852 he voted—one of six—to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law; and from that time



VIEW IN SAN DOMINGO CITY—ALTAR ERECTED BY COLUMBUS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVIS HATCH, ESQ.]

forward was a steady, uncompromising opponent of every measure which appeared likely to strengthen the hands of the slaveholders, or to rivet the bonds of the colored race. Mr. WADE voted against STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS's bill to abrogate the Missouri Compromise, against Mr. SLIDELL's bill which looked to the purchase of Cuba, and against every scheme having for its object a compromise between the Free and Slave States, so many of which were offered for adoption after Mr. LINCOLN's election in 1860.

Mr. WADE has been a consistent advocate of many measures which have tended to the good of the people, and has carried them triumphantly through the Senate in the face of long and persistent opposition. Such were the Homestead and Pacific Railroad bills. West Point Military Academy has always been an object of his open and avowed dislike, claiming that such an institution was aristocratic, anomalous, and impolitic in a republican country.

During the war for the Union the subject of our sketch was a hearty, unwavering supporter of every measure which tended, in his opinion, to its speedy conclusion. He was unwilling to weigh cost or consequence of the means which might insure victory. He early advocated the confiscation of the property of all rebels, and the emancipation of slaves.

Since the war he has been an earnest advocate of the radical policy of reconstruction; and the faith in and reliance on his upright conduct and unswerving loyalty were signally shown by his fellow-Senators when they elected him as their presiding officer in the Fortieth Congress. The duties of the position he fulfilled with zeal and ability. It was understood that he had retired from public life; but a sense of duty to the country called him from his seclusion when President GRANT requested him to lend the aid of his name, experience, and tried fidelity as a member of the San Domingo Commission. Men of every shade of political feeling seem to agree that the selection of "Honest Ben Wade" was an excellent one.

DR. HOWE.

DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE is now in his seventieth year, having been born in Boston, Massachusetts, in November, 1801. At the early age of twenty-three, having graduated as a physician two years previously, he left his home to embark with hearty enthusiasm in the struggling cause of Greece. In the patriot service he acted as surgeon in the army until the battle of Navarino, in October, 1827, compelled the Sultan to conclude a peace.

Dr. HOWE soon after returned home, and by voice and pen awakened the benevolent sympathy of his fellow-citizens, who, with the most active liberality and expedition, loaded a ship with provisions, clothing, and money; and in her the gallant doctor sailed to convey personally the greatly needed supplies to the suffering, starving people in the land of his devotion.

He subsequently attempted to found a colony on the Isthmus of Corinth, which the state of his health finally compelled him to abandon. Accordingly, in 1830, he left Greece to travel through other portions of Europe, and during the same eventful year was witness to two great political convulsions, having been in Paris during the July revolution which drove the BOURBONS from the throne of France, and in Brussels when Belgium established a separate nationality.

It was in the year following that his name became connected with—never hereafter to be dissevered from—the Institution for the Blind in his native city of Boston. It is by his labors in this eminently humane cause that Dr. HOWE is best known to the present generation.

Dr. HOWE throughout his eventful life has been a consistent advocate of human freedom. From the days of his doctoring and fighting in Greece, and his imprisonment in Prussia for attempting to relieve the suffering Polish refugees, through the darkest hours of American emancipation to the present time, he has talked as freely and written as much and as boldly in behalf of suffering humanity as any living man.

ANDREW D. WHITE.

MR. WHITE was born in the village of Homer, New York, in 1832. Seven years afterward his father moved to Syracuse, and became a prominent and influential citizen of that place, amassing wealth by energy and good judgment, and securing general respect and esteem. The son, after the usual training at school, entered Hobart College, where he remained a year, and completed his collegiate course at Yale, where he was known as a thorough and intelligent student. He afterward spent some time at New Haven in the study of law and history.

At the University of Michigan Mr. WHITE, as Professor of History, achieved a national reputation. It is a singular fact that thus early in his career he had dreams of a grand university, to be established somewhere near the centre of this State, on a scale corresponding to that of one of the great European universities. Ten or twelve years afterward these dreams were realized by the foundation of the Cornell University, over which he was called to preside, and which, under his able and sagacious management, has taken a very high position among the educational institutions of this country.

During the war Mr. WHITE gave unwavering support to the administration of President LINCOLN; and in the State Senate, to which he was elected in 1864, he did good service in the interest of popular education and of intelligent and honest government. He is a gentleman of many accomplishments, has traveled extensively in Europe; and his selection by President GRANT as one of the Commissioners was universally approved.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1871.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *our readers will receive another superb* SUPPLEMENT, *filled with elegant illustrations and entertaining reading matter. It contains a full-page sketch entitled,* "SELECTING A COSTUME;" *an interesting illustrated article on the* RIVER AMAZON; *an account of a* "NIGHT UPON THE ALPS," *with five spirited sketches; Stories, Poems, etc. The Publishers are confident that the* WEEKLY *and* SUPPLEMENT *together present a larger variety and greater quantity of useful and attractive reading than any other journal in the world.*

THE UNITED STATES AND BRITISH AMERICA.

THE project of the joint commission to suggest the plan of a settlement of the questions pending between the United States and the British Government has been received by the country with great favor. The alternative has been evident for a long time: either a frank and magnanimous agreement or war. To leave the questions open after an attempted settlement, and with the latent ill feeling toward England already existing in many American minds, and to throw the whole subject into the Presidential election of 1872, would be to encourage an intensity and exasperation of feeling which could have but one result. Every American, therefore, who honestly wishes a peaceful and honorable settlement of the questions will do what he can to aid the work of the commission. But already we have seen in some quarters a disposition to proclaim an ultimatum before the commission meets. Let it be understood, say certain persons, that there can be no permanent peace between the United States and England until the English flag ceases to float upon the American continent; and Senator HOWARD has proposed a recommendation to the commission to provide for the cession of British America.

Senator HOWARD's proposition is untimely and ill-considered. He, with his fellow-Senators, has confirmed the American members of the commission. The Senate will revise its deliberations, and no treaty can be made without the sanction of the Senate. But surely nothing could be more absurd than for Parliament and Congress to fall to resolving what the commission should do. If it is not competent for its work, why did Senator HOWARD vote to confirm its members? If it is, why does he not leave to them the same liberty in initiation which the Senate will have in the final decision? Does the Senator think it would tend to a wise and harmonious adjustment by the commission if the Senate should comment upon its action as it proceeds, and virtually direct it by resolutions? How long does he think that, under such circumstances, any gentleman fit for the position would remain a member of the commission?

The question of the removal of the British flag from the continent is wholly independent of those that are to be submitted to the commission. If British America should vote next year that it wished to be annexed to the United States, the home Government would interpose no objection. Great Britain does not propose to hold Canada by force; but the question of separation could not properly proceed from her. Nobody supposes, we presume, that Canada would now vote for annexation. Therefore it would be idle to propose it as a condition of peace, because when a vote shows that the junction is desired, England will not oppose it. To expect England voluntarily to withdraw her flag from those British subjects who prefer that flag to every other is to expect her to submit to conquest without a battle. It is to ask her to do what we should justly scorn to do ourselves, and what, therefore, we ought to scorn ourselves for asking.

It is possible that during the deliberations of the commission the question of union between British America and the United States will be mentioned and discussed. But what is it that we wish upon the subject? Is it that England shall cede to us a certain number of persons who protest against the cession? But by what right do we ask so preposterous a measure, or upon what grounds would she consent? The suggestion is ridiculous. Or do we wish that the question should be submitted to those people? But is it really the mere submission of the question, or is it the removal of the flag, that we desire? Should we be likely to be satisfied, as a cardinal condition of a treaty, with the privilege of asking a question that we know will be answered unfavorably? England would justly say, if the proposition were made, "We certainly shall not withdraw our flag from any of our subjects until they ask for its removal."

That the flag of England will continue to float forever over any part of this continent may be shrewdly doubted. But if the removal be an object of sincere desire upon our part, and if we do not speak of it as a mere taunt or menace, our policy is plain enough. Let the present questions between the two countries be promptly settled upon terms obviously fair, and with those frank acknowledgments which are better than the letter of treaties. When that is done the question of the annexation of British America becomes simple, and admits of an easy treatment. The proposal must come from that country. Our greed is no argument for annexation. Our theories of manifest destiny are no argument. Our views of the desirability of a politically consolidated continent are no argument. The real reason for union with British America would be the sincere and general desire of the inhabitants of that region to join us. Then, as people of the same country, race, language, and political traditions, union would undoubtedly be a wise policy.

But this is a question of great magnitude, and it is one which could only complicate the action of the commission, because all that could possibly be done by it would be to agree to consult the British Americans. Such a reference could hardly be accepted by us as indemnity for any positive loss, or penalty for what we may deem an infraction of international law. To propose the withdrawal of the British flag as a condition precedent to negotiation upon the proper objects of the commission would be to postpone, with a strong probability of war, all settlement whatever. To resolve in the Senate, or in the forum of public opinion, that the American commissioners should be recommended to urge the withdrawal would be to excite a feeling which will make any wise result of the deliberations impracticable. To suppose, also, that, if not accomplished now, union is improbable, is to yield to an impatience which is unreasonable. Nothing would so exasperate the people of the country in question as the conviction that they were thrown into a bargain as a make-weight. If Great Britain wishes to part with her American provinces, and if those provinces wish to leave her, the result can be easily reached without complicating the present negotiation.

SENATOR SUMNER.

THE news of the illness of Senator SUMNER was received with the most serious concern; for whatever may be the warmth of feeling with which his course is criticised even in some papers of his own party, his hold upon general respect and confidence is very firm. He has steadily asserted the value of the highest moral principle in politics. He is honorably identified with the most momentous epoch of our history since we became a nation; and the manly heroism with which, in the dark days of fear and servility before the slave power, he asserted the fundamental principle of the government, the equal rights of all men, and with ample accomplishment and legal learning guarded and secured all that he said, have deeply endeared him to the American heart.

We hope that no Republican or friend of the Administration will suppose that he can help the good cause by questioning the motives or maligning the character of the Massachusetts Senator. In his public conduct Mr. SUMNER is not so anxious to know what public opinion is as to ascertain what it ought to be. His conception of the duty of a statesman is that he should act upon what he knows to be the facts, and not upon what imperfectly informed persons suppose the facts to be. His judgment of the significance of the facts may, of course, be erroneous; but the man who does not rely upon his own convictions, after patient and impartial examination, lacks the first quality of a statesman. The chief praise of a statesman will often be his willingness to stand alone—the courage that does not fear isolation. For although practical statesmanship undoubtedly implies the fine instinct which wins popular sympathy and support, it also requires unflinching fidelity to a purpose which is worthy of support and sympathy. The Prussian STEIN was certainly a greater statesman than HARDENBERGH, in his later day; and it is BISMARCK's really great aim which justifies his title to statesmanship. To withstand the sentiment of the people is not necessarily to mistake it. On the contrary, the less it is mistaken the more firmly will a great statesman often oppose it.

To suppose that Mr. SUMNER, in differing from the Administration upon any point, seeks to revenge himself for imagined insults, or that he is foolishly fond of the mere eccentricity of opposition, or that he defiantly courts unpopularity, is only to show ignorance of the man. By no possibility, for instance, could CHARLES SUMNER be any thing but a Republican—not easily, we may add, could Republican faith in him be disturbed—and therefore, when he differs from the policy of a Republican Administration, it is not from any sense of personal wrong, but upon very serious conviction. It would be hard to find among all the conspicuous public men in our history one whose motives are less liable to just suspicion than CHARLES SUMNER's.

We certainly do not always agree with his views of public questions, nor always approve the manner in which he presents them. We have often stated our differences with him, and shall possibly yet have occasion to state others. But it will be our own fault if it is a hostile or offensive difference. And the mere difference between the Senator and the Administration is not to be so much regretted as the manner in which certain friends of the Administration have assailed him. If, in the San Domingo affair, for instance, he has misrepresented the facts, let the proper statement of them refute him. But when no attempt is made to show that he is mistaken, and his action is attacked as the gratification of a feeling of revenge, it is an attack which recoils upon those who make it. So, if upon the question of the proper grounds of settlement with England he also differs from the Administration, is any thing to be gained for the Republican party or cause by asserting that he is seeking to gratify strong passions? Such assertions may excite prejudice against him among the unthinking, but they will certainly persuade the thoughtful that he is personally maligned because his arguments are unanswerable. It is the most damaging kind of assault to those who make it.

The continued ascendency of the Republican party in this country is essential to the national welfare. There could be no greater misfortune than the return to power of the party whose principles and policy produced and encouraged the rebellion, the party which includes every bitter enemy of the Union and Government, every infidel of popular principles and institutions. Republicans have a right, therefore, to expect from the Administration itself a spirit and policy of conciliation within the party, which they are also honorably bound to encourage. As earnest supporters of the Administration, we hope to discuss all its measures temperately, and when we differ to differ as friends. For it is very evident that if those Republicans who disapprove any measure of the Administration are either to denounce it as corrupt, or are to be denounced by it as seeking personal revenge, the paralysis of the party is inevitable.

WOOD'S LABOR LOST.

IT is ludicrously useless for the gentlemen who were the most notorious of the "peace" Copperheads during the war to attempt to pose as patriotic Union men now. In a recent debate in the House of Representatives Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, whose faithful contemporary portrait is preserved in "The new Gospel of Peace," rose to inform Congress and the country that he was really the first man who practically responded to the summons of the President. It was he who called the Union Square meeting. It was he and Senator BAKER who made the speeches upon that occasion. It was he who raised the Mozart regiment, and paid for it money which has never been repaid to him. So ardent was his zeal that it is only wonderful that he did not lead the regiment in person. Undoubtedly Mr. WOOD made a speech at the Sumter meeting in New York, as certainly as he regretted to ROBERT TOOMBS that he could not send him arms to be used against loyal citizens. Undoubtedly he said in Union Square that the Union must be maintained, as certainly as he said in a message to the Common Council that the dissolution of the Union was inevitable. And undoubtedly, if Mr. FERNANDO WOOD and his friends could have had their way, the rebellion would have succeeded, and the government have been overthrown.

Mr. WOOD was too astute a politician not to surround himself at such a time with technical defenses to which he could recur in a pressing emergency; and he is now so wholly a political figure of the past that he is only useful as an illustration. But the noble army of Copperheads may spare their pains. The people of this country know very well who were loyal. They have not forgotten whose souls supported ABRAHAM LINCOLN in the stern trial, and whose tongues hissed treason and doubt. They remember very well whose "friends" burned orphan asylums, and hunted negroes, and strove to array the city and the State of New York against the war. They may even recall Mr. FERNANDO WOOD's Peace Convention at Syracuse, as they do the speech of the *World's* great "War Governor," SEYMOUR, at the Academy of Music. Why do these modern Tories wince? Are they ashamed of their cause and of themselves? The Tories of the Revolution did not try to dodge history. The WOODS and VALLANDIGHAMS and SEYMOURS of those days did not claim that they secured American independence, because they knew that their sympathies and attitude were well understood.

Let the Copperheads of the rebellion save their labor. They could as easily prove ABRAHAM LINCOLN to have been a rebel as persuade the country of their own loyalty. Who denounced the President at every step, and decried the policy of Congress as unconstitutional and anarchical? Who resisted every vigorous measure, and maligned every patriotic motive? Who adopted with acclamation the surrender platform at Chicago, and pronounced the war for the Union a failure? Who sneered at the black soldiers, and canonized the rebel chiefs as Christian gentlemen? Who were those for whose success at the election of 1864 rebels prayed and rebel agents plotted? Mr. FERNANDO WOOD and his political friends may have forgotten. But loyal hearts have long memories. And while they accurately recall the mien and the tone of the Copperheads, they also perceive that the party to which the men

of that name now belong has not yet honestly accepted the result of the war, nor acquiesced in the settlement of the Union, and through its organs in the press derides those of the late rebels who have done both; while in Virginia, by a strict party vote, it orders a portrait of General LEE. Carrying water in a sieve is easy labor compared with that of proving the patriotism of a Copperhead.

THE GUILTY PATENT BRAKE.

No one who has read the testimony in regard to the New Hamburg slaughter is likely to agree with the verdict of the coroner's jury, that nobody is to blame but the patent brake, that wouldn't get into order. It is perfectly evident that the kind of catastrophe which occurred at the New Hamburg bridge could always be avoided if there were a proper system of signaling, and a proper inspection and supervision of trains. And if any thing is established, it is that the system of signals was defective. The question for every jury to ask when they are summoned to investigate the cause of a railroad calamity is this: Is there upon this road such care that at every point of his course the engineer knows the condition of the track before him, so that he can stop in time if any thing is wrong? If that question can not be answered affirmatively, then the company which issues the directions is to blame for the inadequacy of the system. There will be no end to such tragedies as that upon the Hudson River road until the people, through the jury, defend themselves. Nor have we any doubt that the counsel of the survivors of those who were lost will be able, in a court of law, to secure a reversal of the nobody-to-blame verdict, and heavy damages against the company.

There is a great deal of unnecessary fatalism in the feeling of many persons with regard to what are called railroad accidents—a disposition to believe that they are unavoidable. It is true that many are so, upon railroads as elsewhere; but the usual disasters are evidently avoidable. A proper railroad law in this or in any State would establish certain cardinal conditions of construction. The curves should be regulated so that a certain space of the track should be always visible; and a searching official investigation should ascertain whether a safe system of signals was adopted and in constant use. The rails and the machinery should be tested by official experts, and those reasonable precautions should be taken which are now omitted. The regulations respecting bridges should be of the utmost stringency; and the railroad companies should be emphatically taught that the people are resolved that a certain number of persons shall not be annually sacrificed to the mere rapacity of a corporation.

Here is one point in the recent investigation. There is a signal-light upon a high pole at the New Hamburg draw, visible as we learn from the station below. When there is danger at the draw the light is red; when all is right it is white. As the draw was locked for the winter, the man in charge of the signal was removed; but the light was set every night. It can be changed in a few seconds; but on the night of the catastrophe, as the draw was all right, the light was unchanged. Such an arrangement was criminally stupid. This light was visible for a long distance, within which the fastest train could have been easily stopped. But the order to change the light was limited to the condition of the draw, and it was, therefore, nobody's duty to change it. The signal, which if red would have saved the train, blazed out white, and the train was lost. The regulations, indeed, were obeyed. SIMMONS knew that the white light meant a safe draw; and the draw was safe. But if he had seen a red flame, although he knew that the creek was frozen and the draw locked, he would have recognized the sign of danger, and have stopped the train.

If greater care would involve greater expense to the companies, and a little longer delay to travelers, let the companies and travelers submit. The disasters are constant repetitions. No man who takes a berth in a sleeping-car, or passage by any train, is surer of a safer journey because of the horrible event at the New Hamburg bridge. And he may be very sure that the companies will do nothing to help him. They may be composed of men who, individually, are not cruel; but the spirit of money-making is cruel, and it is that which animates the great companies. Their power is gradually becoming immense and resistless; and while the public has yet the opportunity and the disposition, let it do something to secure at least the greater personal safety of travelers.

LATEST FROM EL DORADO.

THE letters from the correspondents who accompanied the San Domingo Commission are very interesting, and their evident delight in the charming climate shows how indirectly useful to the project of annexation the Commission will be. Leaving New York in the most dismal and chilly moment of the year, and landing under the lustrous skies and amidst the luxuriant beauty of the tropics, the romantic contrast enchants every eye, and colors every thought. The happy correspondents see with eyes touched by a rosy glamour. It is a world of indolence and delight and ease. It is a bountiful and beautiful garden. There is no limit to the possibilities of its prosperity. The soft-eyed islanders have been sadly maligned. The chief of the isle of happy delights is a noble being, who has been cruelly misrepresented. It is an Eden in the Millennium—and who are we that we should become possessors of such a treasure? Hispaniola has affected the Commission and its attending company as it did the imagination of COLUMBUS and his crew. The Spaniards had been sailing for many a weary week, confined in the narrow vessels upon the stormy sea. What wonder that they were intoxicated with the soft tropical smile that lighted the welcome shore! Our correspondents emerged from January sleet and east wind upon the perennial green of plumed palms, where

"Swings the trailer from the crag."

What wonder that Dr. HOWE confesses every sense to be captive, and breathes an eloquent sigh to annex himself to the island, if the island be not joined to his native land!

But it is not easy to find any new facts under all the rosy rhetoric of the letters. That San Domingo was a lovely island in a soft climate, producing many valuable articles, was known. Yet we must apparently wait for the official report before we can tell what more is known. The correspondents are sure that every body wishes to be annexed, but apparently from fear of the rude neighbor, Hayti. A good reason for them, but not conclusive for us. There has been also, they say, a vote of the people, and it was substantially unanimous; but it was taken under the guns of United States ships; and even if the inhabitants do wish to be annexed, and may vote for union unanimously, such a polling is no proof of it. Then the government is clearly unable, according to the correspondents, to state exactly what it owns or what it owes; but there is no doubt that a vast proportion of the public domain is pledged to a certain San Domingo Company in New York—an association, doubtless, founded in disinterested patriotism. The relations with Hayti, also, are manifestly hostile. The correspondent who is the most ardent advocate of annexation says that the Dominican black hates the Haytien black. Hayti has shown both the will and the force to maintain her independence; and should we annex the rest of the island, frontier difficulties would be unavoidable. The advantage of buying another Seminole war is not evident. But Mr. WADE certainly showed himself a shrewd politician when he said, in response to a serenade, that any of his Dominican hearers, upon the annexation of the island to the Union, and their qualification as citizens, would become eligible as candidates for the Presidency.

Evidently we must reluctantly turn from the serenade speeches, and await the official report. But, meanwhile, these summer sketches of the correspondents, written in the most tropical mood, wonderfully enliven our harsh winter days. They all seem to be sure that the Commission will virtually recommend annexation by the favorable tone of its report, and that San Domingo will be annexed. And as the American citizen, wrapped in coats and mufflers and shawls and furs and arctics and India rubber over-shoes, making his desponding way through oceans of slush and a depthless, dirty meal of snow, meditates the eternal summer of Hispaniola, the very vision that it may be his will help persuade him that it ought to be his, that his country is not large enough, that its population is too homogeneous, that it needs a little further infusion of ignorance and barbarism, that its debt requires increasing, and that a campaign among the Haytien hills, where the French army of LE CLERC wasted away, is imperatively demanded by liberty, humanity, and Christianity.

NOTES.

MR. PETER COOPER is one of the men whom future generations of working men and women will arise and call blessed. Upon WASHINGTON'S birthday it was announced at the Cooper Union, in his name, that, upon his eightieth birthday, he had given a hundred and fifty thousand dollars more to the good purposes of his great foundation. His charity is tireless. His mind is always revolving plans of beneficence, and his heart grows younger with the lapse of years. Such a man is a perpetual beacon to the younger men, who are so busily engaged in making money. "Make as much as you honestly can," his example says; "but remember that the wise rich man is he who considers himself only the steward of God's bounty for others." It is pleasant to contemplate so long, so industrious, and so honorable a life; and such is Mr. COOPER'S perennial activity that we may justly hope it will yet continue long.

THOSE who have ever enjoyed the delightful hospitality of Vassar College will hear with sincere regret of the death of Miss LYMAN, the lady principal, or head of the college family. She had been for some time an invalid, and her friends had been prepared for the issue by her steadily failing health. The position she filled in the college was one that brought her into the most familiar relations with all the young women, and her duties were done with a tact so thoughtful and delicate that she was universally respected and tenderly loved. Miss LYMAN was a lady of admirable cultivation, and of a most catholic sympathy. Her opinions were positive; but she expressed them with perfect courtesy, and cheerfully entertained every honest difference. Associated with the college from its beginning, she was, of course, known through its pupils in every part of the country; and the news of her death will be received by them as that of the loss of the mildest of monitors and the most faithful of friends.

THE fact of the imposing and significant demonstration of American sympathy with Italy at the Academy of Music, in New York, was duly communicated to the Italian Government by Signor L. CORTI, the Italian minister at Washington, and he was requested to express its sincere gratitude to the distinguished citizens who took part in the meeting. In communicating his instructions to General DIX, the president of the meeting, Signor CORTI makes an eloquent and fitting allusion to the great work in which his country is engaged; and in acknowledging his letter General DIX well and truly says, "I am sure I speak the sentiments of every true-hearted American when I say that our sympathy will accompany her in her new career with a fervency which will be increased by every successful step in her progress."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE 85th number of the "Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society," lately published, and completing the eleventh volume, is, like many of its predecessors, nearly filled with important communications from Professor COPE, whose industry in publishing accounts of new, recent, and extinct zoological forms is untiring. One of the most important of these communications is an article upon certain fresh-water tertiary fishes from Idaho, collected by Mr. CLARENCE KING, and embracing twelve species of six genera. These all belong to the cyprinidæ, with the exception of one species of the trout family. With these fish were three species of *astacus*, also described by Professor COPE in another communication.

We have already referred to one of the papers of Professor COPE, published in this number, in which he describes a new species of mosasauroid, called *Liodon dyspelor*, based upon specimens from New Mexico in the museum of the Smithsonian Institution, and which, according to Professor COPE, probably exceeded one hundred feet in length, and may be considered as the longest reptile of which we have any account.

We have frequently called attention to the interest and value of the dredging operations conducted by Count Pourtales in behalf of the Coast Survey, in the deep seas adjoining the southern coast of the United States. The results of these labors are being published by the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, Massachusetts; and there has just appeared an elaborate memoir upon the crustaceans by Dr. WILLIAM STIMPSON, of Chicago. A large number of new genera and species was detected in the collection, and a portion of these is enumerated in the report referred to, which embraces only the Brachyura, the remaining families being reserved for a future memoir.

An extensive work upon the "Birds of Europe" is announced by Messrs. SHARPE and DRESSER, of London, both eminent English ornithologists. They do not intend to limit themselves to Europe in its strictly geographical sense, but to include Africa north of the Desert of Sahara, as well as Palestine, thus covering what is known as the western palæarctic region. The number of species embraced in this area is estimated at between six and seven hundred, and illustrations of all will be given, drawn by KEULEMANS, an ornithological artist of much promise.

It will interest our American sportsmen, who are in the habit of visiting the British Provinces for the purpose of catching salmon, to learn that the last report of the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia announces a very decided increase in the number of salmon, in consequence of the protective measures that have been established by the Dominion government. He recommends, what will also be agreeable news to our fishermen, that the salmon rivers be freely leased to gentlemen, under proper regulations, as the best method of preventing illegal poaching, and the improper destruction of breeding and immature fish. Among the chief measures to which the increase in question is due is ascribed the introduction of ladders into the dams on the streams, both salmon and alewives, by their means, passing up waters from which they had for a long time been absent.

A most important guide to the labors of the comparative anatomist will be found in Professor FLOWER'S recently published work, entitled "Introduction to the Osteology of the Mammalia."

The Ethnological and Anthropological societies of London have lately been united under the name of "Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland," with Sir JOHN LUBBOCK as president of the new society.

Late South American advices inform us that a steamer, named the *Javari*, was launched on the 6th of January last on the waters of Lake Titicaca, being the first vessel of the kind ever seen on those waters.

In a recent article, Professor WILLKOMM, of Tharandt, in Germany, discusses the subject of the cryptogamic growth which so frequently interferes with the business of artificial fish-breeding, by attaching itself to the eggs or to the young fish, and destroying them; and after considering in detail the various suggestions made by writers in regard to this parasite, endeavors to show that it is simply the alternate condition of the ordinary mould (*Mucor mucedo*) which develops itself, under favorable circumstances, in the air. This was proved by transplanting filaments of mould to fish or eggs, and finding them develop into the species in question; and *vice versa*, by taking the filaments from the fish, and planting them in the air, when they produced genuine mould. The generic name adopted by our author for the plant in question is Saprolegnia, as established by NEES VON ESENBEKH, who called it *S. molluscorum*.

Dr. WILLKOMM is even of opinion that the fungus which forms on dead flies and other insects in such large quantities, and known as *Achlya prolifera*, as well as the *Empusa muscæ*, which develops on living insects in the air, is merely a different form of the same polymorphous growth, and which, when taking root on perfectly sound, healthy animals, may impart disease to them, and even produce death. It is also suggested that the *Tarichium* of Dr. COHN, which produces a new caterpillar disease, is a still different phase of the same growth. He refers the origin of the fungous growth upon fish and their eggs to the sporules which are continually floating in the air, and which only require a favorable nesting-place for their development; and he makes an important practical suggestion in the interest of fish culture, especially that of trout and salmon. He advises very earnestly that the water used for hatching eggs and raising young fish be derived, as far as possible, from springs, and at or near their source, and even urges the transportation of such water for a long distance in closed pipes, for the purpose of securing that which will be measurably free from the danger in question. In this way he thinks there is much less danger of having the fungous spores fall into the water, and producing disease. He himself found, after adopting this plan at the fish-breeding establishment in Tharandt, that for the first time the operations were not interfered with by the death of a large percentage of eggs and newly hatched fish from this disease, while for the twelve previous years a large number was annually lost. A loss of not over fifteen per cent. of the eggs is considered quite favorable, since sometimes fifty per cent. or more die, in spite of the utmost precaution.

The Commissioners of Fisheries for the State of New York have lately announced, in the public papers, their readiness to furnish, free of expense, living black bass, cat-fish, white bass, rock bass, roach, perch, sunfish, and pike-perch, for stocking the waters in any part of the State of New York, provided parties desiring them will send an agent to receive and take charge of them. All of these are now bred at the State establishment at Caledonia, and applications for them are to be made to SETH GREEN, Rochester.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 20.—In the Senate, the House bill to guard the purity of elections was favorably reported. The Legislative Appropriation bill was taken up, and the debate continued on the repeal of the provision making the possession of a pardon evidence of disloyalty in the Court of Claims. The repeal was carried by the casting vote of the Vice-President.—In the House, a bill was introduced to punish the printing or depositing in the mails of counterfeit bank-notes or fractional currency, and one to encourage and aid the establishment of free schools throughout the country. The bill authorizing a joint commission to fix the Northwest boundary was taken up, and after some further discussion passed by a vote of 122 to 72. The minority report on the M'Garrahan claim, which directs the restoration of the record of the grant to M'Garrahan, and authorizes the President to do in the premises what he deems just, was adopted—110 to 91—and rendered irrevocable by a vote to lay on the table a motion to reconsider.

February 21.—In the Senate, the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation bill was passed, the motion to strike out the increase to the Educational Bureau having been voted down.—The House passed the Southern Pacific Railroad bill, with two important amendments—one cutting off branch roads, and reducing the capital $50,000,000, and one excluding the proposed road from consolidation with other roads hereafter chartered.

February 22.—The Senate was chiefly occupied in discussing the Indian Appropriation bill. No action was taken.—The House spent the whole day on the Deficiency bill, which appropriates $10,677,525, including $500,000 for the New York Post-office. After a sharp debate, in the course of which Mr. Farnsworth, of Illinois, charged General Butler with having the use of government mirrors, and deriving profit from some granite quarry in Massachusetts, which furnishes stone for the New York and Boston Post-offices, the bill was passed.

February 23.—In the Senate, the bill amending the bounty law, and granting $100 to all soldiers mustered in for three years between May 4 and July 22, 1861, was passed.—The House passed a bill making appropriations for defenses and fortifications, and one to make improvements in harbors and rivers. The latter included an appropriation of $14,000 for the improvement of Shrewsbury River, New Jersey.

February 24.—The Judiciary Committee of the Senate reported favorably the bill repealing the test oath. The House bill to guard the purity of elections was made the occasion of a long debate, principally on the part of the Democrats, to stave off a vote.—The "Omnibus Appropriation bill" was debated in the House; and the item of $5000 due to Vinnie Ream for her statue of Lincoln was changed to $10,000, making the total amount $15,000.

February 25.—The bill to revise the patent and copyright laws was passed by the Senate, and also the bill to celebrate the centennial anniversary of '76 by an exposition at Philadelphia.—In the House, a letter from Commissioner Pleasonton was read, urging final action, one way or the other, on the repeal of the income tax.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The strike of the Pennsylvania coal miners, and the action of several of the railroad companies of the same State increasing the freight on coal, have produced a great scarcity of that article in New York and other cities. The price has advanced to $14 per ton, causing great anxiety and suffering among the poor.

The steamship *Tennessee*, with the United States Commissioners, arrived at San Domingo City February 1.

Governor Randolph of New Jersey has signed the resolutions ratifying the fifteenth article amending the Constitution of the United States.

The coroner's jury on the New Hamburg disaster throws the blame on those in charge of the express train.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE terms of the treaty of peace between France and Prussia will probably include the cession of Alsace and part of Lorraine, including Metz. At the time of writing they have not been made definitely known. Bismarck is said to be pitiless and unyielding in his exactions, and to insist on the triumphal entry into Paris.

The German armies are said to be concentrating for a combined movement into Southern France, should the treaty negotiations fall through.

A colliery explosion occurred in Wales February 25, by which over fifty lives were lost.

There is prospect of war between Italy and Tunis.

THE JOINT HIGH COMMISSION.

PEACE TO JUSTICE.—"AFTER YOU, MADAME."

BUYING HORSES IN BRITTANY FOR THE FRENCH ARMY.—[See Page 215.]

SNOW.

Like to my lady's face,
  Likest her soft, white hand;
Veiling the trees and flowers,
  Till statue-like they stand.

Like her in purity;
  Like to her spirit chaste,
Which thoughts all angel-pure
  Ever and ever have graced!

Like her, alas! too like,
  Are ye, white snows, so cold:
Arise, love's sun, and thaw
  Her heart with beams of gold!

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

ORPHANED.

"All Nature knows our triumphs," says the poet, in a pardonable burst of hilarity upon the occasion of his coming home from a sea voyage, in excellent weather; but if she knows them, it is certain she cares nothing about them. If she seems to sympathize with our human joys, it is only as the bell appears to tink in consonance with the fool's thought. She is cold and careless as to all that happens to mankind, notwithstanding that among them she has so many worshipers. Blue and unruffled, the vast glaciers of Mont Blanc shine with equal beauty upon the rapt gazer at Chamouni after his table d'hôte, and on the unhappy mountaineer who has just lost his footing, and is disappearing into a crevasse forever. She has no pity; and when she weeps, it is to please herself, or *Him* who has made her.

The early sun is shining upon the vicarage lawn as brightly as it did on Julia's wedding-day; the quiet elm trees stand grandly out in the clear blue air; the flowers are giving forth their incense; the smooth turf is green and sparkling; the birds are singing their morning songs of joy—as Mabel, white and wretched, rises with trembling limbs, and lifts the window-blind. How many a morning has she done the like, hoping that the weather will be fine for the promised croquet-party at the Grange, or for the drive with her sister in the pony-chaise, or for the walk with her father out shooting—for the modern notions of woman's mission and partridges' rights are unknown to her, and her quick eyes have often marked the coveys for him without any thought of harm. All that, she too surely feels, is over now. Life looms before her now harsh and unfenced from care, and in the mean time Death is at hand. That thought underlies all others. When he is gone, this beloved scene will also vanish—strangers will be here.

Unwatched the garden bough shall sway,
  The tender blossom flutter down;
  Unloved that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away;

* * * * *

Till from the garden and the wild
  A fresh association blow,
  And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child;

As year by year the laborer tills
  His wonted glebe, or lops the glades;
  And year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills.

Mabel Denham's mind contains but scanty store of poems, but this one is among them, and it recurs to her now with cruel tenderness. They are not, however, selfish tears that hurry down her cheeks. It is not the prospect of her own loss, of her own exile, which is making her heart shrink within her; that! alas, will come in due time. At present she is putting herself in the place of him, the darkened windows of whose room, she can perceive from where she stands, look blindly down upon the sunny lawn. What will this home of peace and beauty, which has hitherto been all the world to her, be without him? And it *will* be without him, though she has prayed to God with ceaseless lips to guide things otherwise. If He would only grant *that*—just only *that!* (Let His will be done in all other respects, poor Mabel would have said.) How trivial were all things else, in comparison with this momentous question! What a life of vanity seemed that which she had of late been leading at Shingleton, compared with these last twelve hours! With such awful suddenness had this blow been struck at the roots of her young life that she could not compose her thoughts; they wandered in a wilderness of woe—from glade to glade of vague and tremulous shadow! Could she also not die, and be at rest with him?

"Mabel darling, you can come and see dear papa."

Martha Barr had entered the room unperceived; she wore the dress she had had on the previous night, and her face looked weary and white with watching, but her voice was firm as ever.

"Is he better?" said Mabel, hastily throwing her dressing-gown about her. "Oh, Martha, is he better?"

"He is awake, dearest, and quite sensible," was the grave reply. "That is all that was left for us to hope for. All night long he has lain in a lethargy, but without pain. There is no hurry; Dr. Bowen has said so. Put on your clothes, so that you need not leave him again. Let me help you, my dear."

This ancient woman, plain and squat, with a voice not unlike that of a frog, disproved the popular idea that good people die young. Those the gods love best are not always taken first, or Martha Barr would have been an angel for the last half a century.

We often hear it said by some average fellow-creature, who has recovered from an illness, that he has been "spared;" his company has been greatly desired, it seems, by the angelic choir, but they have consented to do without it a little longer. It does not seem to occur to him that we also might have "spared" him without inconvenience. Now Martha Barr had really, it seemed, been spared by Heaven (to which she belonged), in order that she might do good on earth. She was not the least like the popular notion of an angel (which is, after all, but a sort of glorified ballet-girl), but went about in homely guise dispensing her Master's alms. She did not consider that what she gave was her own at all. When she found some weak and ailing sister, she would say to herself, "God has given me strength on purpose to help this fellow-creature with it." When she met a foolish one, "I have a stock of common-sense laid up for this particular noodle." And she dispensed her stores accordingly. She was not very careful in the putting on of her own apparel. "What a dear old fright you have made of yourself!" was a remark that had been often addressed to her by the Denham girls in old times; but now, to see her helping May to dress, you would have thought, so quick and neat-handed was she, that she had never been any thing else than a young lady's maid.

"Is there *no* hope?" asked Mabel, between the sobs which she did not attempt to smother in the presence of this good creature, any more than if she was at her prayers.

"None, my own darling—none."

"I knew it—I knew it!" said Mabel, bitterly. "Oh, why did you forbid me to see him last night, and let me waste these precious hours!"

"He was not himself last night, love; and if he had been, he would not have liked you to have seen him."

Mabel understood what was meant. The rector, who was as little like a dandy as was the Duke of Wellington, had a certain deep-seated pride in his personal appearance; never exhibited himself in his dressing-gown to mortal eye; and if there had been fire in the house at two in the morning, would have come down clean shaved and in a stiff cravat. Martha Barr was, of course, a privileged person—one of those heaven-born knights of the Red Cross whom nobody is distressed to see by their sick-pillow; but he would not easily have forgiven her had she admitted his daughter to the sad sight he had exhibited on the previous night.

He looked ill enough even now to Mabel's eyes, as they fell upon him, propped high on pillows, and looking straight before him with dim gaze, notwithstanding that Martha had whispered in his ear, "Here is Mabel come to see you, papa." But a smile flickered on his pale lips as she stooped down to kiss him, and a glance of ineffable love lit up his face as he murmured: "My pretty May." More than that he could not utter until Martha had given him some cordial, which enabled his cold fingers to return the girl's passionate clasp, and loosened his parched tongue.

"I am going away from you, May, in God's good time; and should be thankful for it, except for your sake and Ju's. You have always been very dear to me. Oh, so dear, so dear! and to part from you is very hard. You are good girls both; I shall tell your mother that, which will gladden her even in heaven. You used to remind me of her, May; but my sight is dim now, and I can not see your face. Let me hear your voice, my child—more sweet than any bird's."

"Papa, papa!" sobbed Mabel, covering his hand with kisses.

"That is not my birdie's voice," said he. "I am sorry to make her so sad; and yet it is well to know she loves me. Kiss dear Ju for me when I am gone. Frederick will take care of her; he is a good man; and my May will be taken care of too.—Will she not, Martha?"

"She will be my daughter, dear William," said Martha, simply, "as long as I live; or until she finds a better guardian."

"Then you will not refuse me now what I once asked in vain?" whispered the sick man, gratefully. "You will live with May?"

The old lady bowed her head, as if in assent.

"Our good Martha will not be proud with *you*, my birdie," continued the rector, with a faint smile, "as she was with me. You will keep house together. I have left enough behind me—Mr. Bampton will see to that—to keep my child from want. It is not much, darling; but it is enough, thank God!"

Martha Barr turned away her face, sick at heart to hear him thus thanking God for the blessing that had no existence; but Mabel smiled sunnily upon him.

"Thanks, papa, thanks," said she. "You have always been so careful for me."

"Then Mr. Bampton has not made the poor child understand how matters are, after all," thought Martha. "Death to-day, and ruin to-morrow! God help my little May!"

There was a long, long silence. The sick man's breathing had become so low that it could only be detected by an attentive and close-pressed ear. Presently a melancholy wail was heard from the yard beneath the window.

"What is that?" asked the rector, feebly.

"It is only the dog," replied Dr. Bowen, who had taken his seat by the window, with Martha Barr, leaving the father and daughter together.

"Poor *Ponto!*" said the rector. A faint smile passed over his features, called up perhaps—who knows?—whether by a vision of the Elysian Fields, or shining turnip-tops, from which his gaiters brushed the dew, while his trusty pointer moved before him with stiff legs, or "stood" above the hidden covey.

There fell another silence, longer than the last; and then the doctor's creaking boots were heard treading softly across the floor. He stooped down over the bed, then beckoned over Mabel's head to Martha. The old lady rose, with a fixed, sad look, and laid her hand upon Mabel's shoulder.

"Oh, let me stay—let me stay by papa!" moaned she.

"Come away, come away, my own dear child," whispered Martha, softly. "Your father is here no longer, but in heaven."

"It was all so different, Martha," said Mabel, many days afterward, when she was enabled to review the incidents of that last scene with calmness, "from what I had imagined of a death-bed scene; and yet dear papa was such a good man."

"My darling, that is because you have had such scenes imagined for you by book-writers. I have seen them often. Most people when they are dying think of nothing: pain and weakness dull the brain. The wicked think of the devil. The religious folk (so called) think of their own souls. The good think of those whom they are leaving behind them, and their needs. How it wrung my heart to hear your father talk of the little store he had, as he fondly thought, laid by for his dear ones! To see you smile I could not think that you were aware that it was gone. If *he* had known it, how bitter would the cup of death have been to him!"

"Yes; I thank God that he was spared that pang," said Mabel, simply. "Is—I saw you had a letter from Mr. Bampton this morning, Martha—is it *all* gone?"

"Every shilling, darling. For twenty years your poor father has, it seems, been worse than throwing away his savings; he has been supporting a gang of thieves, whose trade it was to rob the orphan and the fatherless."

"God forgive them!" answered Mabel, quietly.

"*Man* has done so, my dear, at all events," observed Martha, dryly. "They are all 'very much respected' in the City, it seems, and thought very good men—of business. Their work here, however, has been ruin, positive ruin. Do you understand, my own darling child, what that word means?"

"Oh yes: no money and no friends."

"Nay, my dear, not so; let us rather say—no money and no fair-weather friends. Life with the gilt off, if you will; but the true gold remains."

"I know that *you* are true gold, dear Martha. Heaven bless you! I know I have one friend."

"Pooh, pooh! You have half a dozen. Now come, let us two hold a council together, and think who is to be counted upon, and what is best to be done."

CHAPTER XX.

OUR SYMPATHIZING FRIENDS.

Mabel bent her head in assent to Martha's suggestion; but she was weary in her mind, and dulled at present to the sense of the misfortune that had befallen her. But for Martha she would not have looked her own affairs in the face, as it was become so necessary to do. She did not understand the imminence of the calamity. She was still at the rectory, which, though emptied of its best treasure, seemed, because it was the casket that had held it, still like home. Her hardly tasted meals were served as usual; the old servants were still about her. A sense of loss pervaded her, but not of loss of station, or of the means of subsistence. Her thoughts were in the tomb; and yet she knew that in a few days a sale was to be held at the rectory, the proceeds of which were necessary to defray some small outstanding debts of the late rector, including the expenses of his burial. What was left after that—a hundred pounds at most, it was calculated—was to be hers. She had even written to the few acquaintances she had to say as much in answer to their "kind inquiries," and some of them had again written a reply. Their letters lay on the table before the two women, as well as certain business communications, which Martha had taken it upon herself to deal with.

"To begin at the beginning, my darling," said Martha Barr, "though it is a small thing. Do you think you are justified in putting up that tablet in the chancel to your poor papa? His name does not need to be writ in marble to be remembered here, does it? And it will cost—let me see—thirteen pounds thirteen."

"I thought the mason said it would be eight pounds," said Mabel; "though, indeed, he added that that was cheaper than he could have done it for any body else; which was very good of him."

"Well, my dear, the fact is that there is a fee due to the incoming rector for permission to have it put up at all. Your papa, of course, would never have dreamed of demanding such a thing; but the Reverend Theophilus Bray—I've got his letter here, for I thought it worth while to ask him the question, though it seemed a matter of form—writes to tell us that, 'as a point of principle, and in the interest of that church of which he is a humble minister, he can not indulge his own personal feelings in the matter, which would otherwise undoubtedly lead him to waive his privilege.' It is a matter of principal—and interest, you see, my dear; and he would like to have his five guineas."

"I wish to have the tablet put up, nevertheless, Martha, if I may."

"Very good, my dear. Then that is settled. After all, you will only have to pay half, of course, since Julia pays her own share. By-the-by, dear, when this sad news reaches your sister, I have not a doubt but that she will send for you at once to come out and live with her and Frederick."

"I shall not do that, Martha," said May, firmly, and with a slight blush. It was the first touch of color that had visited her cheek for days, and as it did so Martha thought she had never seen any one so beautiful. Her black robes seemed to become her as well as any bridal dress could possibly have done.

"I think you are right not to go to Hong-Kong," said Martha, simply; "though, of course, if Ju lived in England, her house would be your natural home for the present. Mr. Pennant is almost as fond of you as Ju herself, I do believe; and I have no doubt, notwithstanding that he will be somewhat disappointed at his wife having come to him with empty hands, that his first act will be to make some sort of provision for you—"

"Oh, please—I hope you have not written to say *that?*" said Mabel, earnestly.

"I have written nothing, my darling, with respect to that matter at all. If the offer is not made spontaneously, be sure I should be the last to suggest it. But it *will* be made—through your sister, of course—I am as sure of that as that I breathe. They are kind, and true as steel."

"I know it, Martha; but they are far from rich."

"Tut, tut! They are not rich enough to be mean, my dear. It is only persons of really large income and funded property, as your poor papa used to say in what he called his radical moments, who can afford to be base. They have something to spare for a sister who is left des—very ill off, I mean."

"If it could possibly be avoided," said Mabel, keeping her eyes fixed on the carpet, "I would rather not be a burden to any body. When I wrote to Lady Moorcombe I spoke of what I could do for myself—I mean toward getting my own living; and she thinks, with what I know of music and French—though I know very, very little—I could perhaps get some situation as a nursery governess."

"I saw you had two letters by this morning's post; but they did not seem to contain good news, so I did not ask about them. Was one of them from the Grange?"

"Yes. Lady Moorcombe writes very kindly. But—it's very foolish of me to be vexed at it—but it used to be always, 'My dear Mabel;' and now, you see, she begins, '*My dear Miss Denham.*'"

"She can afford it, my darling," said Martha Barr, slowly. "May I see the letter?—Humph! 'Exceeding distressed at your sad tidings—greatest respect for your late father—Sir Henry is out with his gun, or would have written also—will keep her eyes open, and remember you in case any situation such as she describes, etc.'—Very nice and thoughtful, I am sure, my dear."

"And in the mean time, you see, Martha, she very kindly asks me to the Grange."

"So I perceive, my dear—for ten days—after which 'the Lascelles are coming, and she is afraid the house will be full.'—She is your godmother, is she not?"

"Yes, Martha."

"That shows the advantage of selecting your godmother from among people of fashion; they always know how to express themselves genteelly when you are in trouble. Who was the other letter from?"

"Mrs. Marshall."

"That pleasant old lady you met with at Shingleton, and who told you at parting that she felt like a mother to you?"

Mabel nodded.

"I should like of all things," said Martha Barr, "to hear what that gushing old lady has to say about you now. But perhaps you have some objection?" Mabel had not pushed the letter across the table, as she had done in the other case.

"You will find some nonsense in it; it is Mrs. Marshall's way. She means nothing by it. You can read it if you like."

"Thank you. How well she writes for her age!

"'My dearest Mabel' (come, I like that. *Her* sentiments, then, have not been altered by your change of fortune),—'You must excuse my writing on plain white, but I make a point of having all my note-paper from Leamington, and have used up my black-edged.'" (Here Martha looked so comically over the rim of her spectacles at Mabel that a smile came into the latter's face, despite her efforts to prevent it; the next moment—so conventional is even our grief itself—she looked doubly sad, as though she had wronged the dead.) "'How shocked I was at your sad news! To lose a father, whose income dies with him, is a terrible blow; and as for what you tell me about that insurance company, it made me feel cold in my inside, just as happens sometimes when one swallows a whole grape. Why, my dear child, every farthing *I* have in the world is sunk in an insurance, or at least an annuity office, though I wouldn't let Melcombe know it for the world. He thinks he is down in my will for hundreds of pounds, and is therefore always on his good behavior. Well, directly I got your note I thought of a plan. You must come and live with me, my dear. My eyes are getting weak, and I want somebody to read to me; my fingers are stiff in the joints, and I want somebody to write for me. Your knowledge of French will be invaluable to me when I go abroad. I will give you fifty pounds a year and your "keep," as the saying is. I have been looking out for a companion for these ten years, and you are just the sort of body to suit me. With me you will see plenty of society. Brighton in November, Bath for the winter, London about April, is my present programme, my dear, and certainly you will have as good *chances* as any girl can hope for. (What a pity it seems now that you ever snubbed H. W., by-the-by.)'—Who is H. W.?" inquired Martha, simply.

"Oh," said Mabel, coloring, "that was a young man at the hotel; a friend of Mrs. Marshall. He was not a favorite with Ju and Frederick."

"Nor with you, it seems, my dear.—'Our *young* papa left Shingleton the day after your

departure.'" ("Another friend of Mrs. Marshall's," explained Mabel, in answer to a raising of Martha's eyebrows.) "'He spoke most kindly and cordially of you, and I shall make a point of writing him a line to-day to inform him of all that has happened. Of course nothing may come of this; but he is as rich as a Jew, and I never leave a stone unturned—and—*nous verrons*.'—What *does* this excellent lady mean by that, my dear?" inquired Martha.

"She means *well*," answered Mabel, in great confusion; "that is all I can say in her favor. Her letter annoys and distresses me exceedingly, as you may guess."

"I hope it is not an additional annoyance that I am reading it, darling. Of course I had no idea that there was any thing pri—I mean any thing— Oh dear, oh dear! what a prying, curious fool you must be thinking me!"

"My dear Martha," said Mabel, smiling this time without prick of conscience, since she did so to reassure her friend, "there is no sort of harm in your reading Mrs. Marshall's letter. I knew well that it was only your eager desire to identify yourself with all my little interests which made you desire to do so."

"Indeed, indeed, that was all!" interposed Martha, eagerly.

"Just so, dear; it was only your loving-kindness—and you were right, besides. You perceive, I am sure, what sort of woman this good Mrs. Marshall is—I mean how thoughtlessly she rattles on; and even if it were otherwise, and what she says had any serious meaning, I should still have wished you to know it. I have no secret"—Mabel felt that she was growing crimson—"there is scarcely any thing which I should ever desire to conceal from you, and certainly not this singular effusion. Pray, read on, dear."

"As you please, my darling.—'The Professor is still here, but by no means in his usual spirits. Do you know, I sometimes think it is the absence of a little bird who used to sing to him that makes him look so glum! At other times I fancy it is the loss of our gallant captain of the coble.'—Is that another friend of Mrs. Marshall's?" inquired Martha, innocently.

Mabel became here so diligently occupied with her needle-work—measuring some article of apparel against another with such accurate precision—that she could not lift her eyes from it as she replied, "Yes, dear; that was the gentleman I told you of, who saved Mrs. Marshall and the rest of us from drowning. The word coble means a little boat."

"Oh, indeed," said Martha; "I was not aware of that.—'It is my belief, my dear, that when the Professor dies he will make that lucky lad his heir. I ventured to hint as much to the old gentleman (we two have got quite thick since you all left), and he rumbled away like an alarum (you remember how he laughs), and told me to mind my own business; which (though rude) I think was a good sign. I should be glad if I could do R. T. a good turn. And that brings me back again to you and your affairs, my dear. I have just consulted my good Janet about your living with me'— Who is her good Janet?"

"Her maid," said Mabel.

"'And she is quite willing to come into the arrangement. She objected at first to take hot water up to a companion (if it was cold, it seems, she could have stomached it); but when I told her who it was to be, she answered that that was different, and assented at once; but I have no doubt I shall have to consider it in her wages. I anticipate no opposition from Melcombe. Give me a line shortly. Believe me, always, my dearest Mabel, yours affectionately,

"'LETITIA MARSHALL.'

"That is a curious composition," observed Martha Barr, as she concluded the epistle. "But it seems to me this Mrs. Marshall is really a good-hearted creature—under the mud."

"She has been most kind to me," said Mabel, seriously. "I think she would continue to be so, in her way. But her mode of life—just now, too—I don't think I *could* bear it." She looked down at her crape dress, and burst into tears.

"My own sweet child," cried Martha, putting aside her work in methodical fashion, and kneeling down beside the weeping girl, "who ever dreamed of your bearing it! Who ever supposed that you could go to Brighton or Bath, with their bands and—and—buns, and mix with the gay and giddy at such a time! Nobody but this mad old lady could ever have thought of asking you to do it!"

"But unhappily, Martha," sighed Mabel, wiping her eyes, "no one has thought of asking me to do any thing else."

"I thought somebody had, my child," whispered Martha, smoothing the other's hair with tender touch—"some one, whose dying wish ought surely not to be forgotten or disregarded."

"Oh, but that was said when dear papa thought that I was rich—or, at least, what seems now to have been rich—and what he said was, 'You will live with May.' Now every thing is different. I am sure he would not have wished me to become a burden upon you, with your scanty means."

"I have not much, my darling, it is true; I should hardly like to tell you what I have—not because it will not be enough for both of us, for I am sure it *will*—but because you have such grand ideas, and don't understand how to make a little go a great way. But I never dreamed but that it was quite arranged that you and I were to live together for the present. I say 'for the present,' darling, upon your own account, not mine. It would be joy indeed to me to have that song-bird of whom Mrs. Marshall writes in my own poor wicker-cage as long as I live; but she would mope and moult and die of the pip. Something better than old Martha's cottage will be your home some day, I hope; but in the mean time you will make shift with that as long as it suits you. The Lascelles are not coming in a fortnight, so far as I am aware, to occupy *my* spare room. Don't you see, dear?"

"I see," sobbed Mabel, "the best of friends and the kindest of women."

"Pooh, pooh! That is owing to the magic crystal of your tears, my darling. If your eyes were clear, you would discern a much more ordinary spectacle. The simple fact that should present itself is this: this old woman here, ugly and stupid, has been offered half a dozen times in her life, by my late father, a home under this very roof—a palace compared with her own dwelling (which is quite a rabbit-hutch, my dear, I do assure you)—and where she has always received the warmest welcome. It is only natural that she should now, in her turn, be ready to share with me whatever she has; the obligation will still be immensely upon her side; and indeed I am conferring a great favor upon her in coming to relieve the dullness of her sordid home. That is the proper way to put it, my dear child—the practical and common-sense view of the matter. You shake your head, you clasp my old hand with your pretty fingers. Well, well, you may think as you please about it, but at all events you accept my offer; that is settled."

"Yes, dear Martha, I accept it—oh, so gratefully; and pray, pray let me be useful to you, and not a drag upon your little resources more than can be possibly helped."

"Useful, my pretty pet? you will be invaluable. There will be the plants in the window to water—and—and a thousand things. I *am* so pleased to think of my being your hostess! To think of my entertaining such a princess is like a fairy dream! I hoped for it, my darling, but I never dared to realize it. I said to myself, some rich and stately person will certainly interfere and carry her off."

To see the old lady from henceforth was to watch a sunbeam in the house. She flitted from room to room, all radiance, putting this and that aside out of the store cupboard for her darling's use in her new home, and reserving such small articles of furniture as she thought would be of comfort to her, and yet were not likely to fetch their value at the coming sale. For it was necessary to be away almost at once, before the auctioneer should come with his hammer—as dread, but less pious than that of Thor—to destroy the household gods before their eyes.

As for Mabel, she had affairs to attend to also, but unhappily they were not of a nature to distract her thoughts from the present trouble. She had to bid good-by to her humble friends in the parish, and to do so with empty hands. Then there came one bitterest day of all—the last that she was ever to spend in her old home. Every haunt which had been dear to her or hers, and especially to him for whom earth was never more to smile, was once more visited; the river, with its sounding weir, where she had sat a hundred times, with book in hand, while her father threw his fly into the circling pool; the wood, with its white quarry, where they had picnicked in the summer afternoons; and the home garden, that was to bloom and bear for other eyes, for other hands, henceforth and forever. She plucked a late lingering flower or two, and put them in her bosom, then sat her down on the mossed wooden seat which the rector himself had built—he had been cunning at such handicraft—and placed so as to command his favorite view. It was the very season for sad thoughts and farewells—a still autumn evening. The leaves did not need the summons of the wind to render up their lives; the chestnuts fell on the damp ground with a dull thud; the banner on the castle top hung heavily in the misty air. She sat here for an hour alone, thinking unutterable things of God and death. Then there was a patter of feet on the sodden walk, and Martha came and sat down by her in silence, hand clasped in hand.

"Martha," said Mabel, suddenly, "who was the iron-monger?"

"Lor, my dear," answered Martha, with a start, "what could have put that into your head?"

"The time and place, I suppose; for half my life ago, on just such a night as this, when I was sitting here with dear papa, you came. I have never thought of it since, from that hour to this; but you had a letter in your hand—I can see it now, with its large red wafer—from the iron-monger; and papa was angry, and called him by some slighting name."

"The Corrugated!" exclaimed Martha; "so he did. The idea of your remembering that! What a man your father was for jokes and names!"

"But who *was* the iron-monger?"

"There was no such person, my dear: it was my cousin Job, the iron-*master*, whom your papa used to make merry about. He is alive still, though very old, and is said to have as many thousands a year as he has years of age. Poor man!"

"Why do you call him poor if he is so rich?"

"Because he is greatly to be pitied, my dear; for, just as you are unhappy to-night because you are on the point of leaving all you love forever, so Job Maddox is unhappy at the idea of leaving all *he* loves—his wealth; for money can not purchase a new lease of life. The only quarrel your dear papa and I ever had was about Job. When my mother died, and I was left—not ill off, my dear, you know, but what you would call with rather small means—it was expected—that is, some people expected—that Job, who was my only relative save yourselves, would do great things for me. He wrote me a most excellent letter of advice, I'm sure; I have got it now, with a picture of his chief manufactory lithographed on the note, and *Corrugated Iron Company* printed on the envelope; but your papa was not satisfied with that, and took upon himself to send him what he called a pastoral letter."

"I remember," said Mabel, smiling; "a letter such as he used to send to the farmers when they refused to let their empty wagons bring back the poor people's coal from the railway station."

"Just so, my dear. Well, Job didn't like it, and I didn't like it, either—I mean your papa asking for any thing upon my account; and the matter was always a bone of contention between us. What names he gave him! Dear me, dear me! 'The Golden Mean,' on account of his wealth and prudence; and 'The Corrugated.' Cousin Job may not have been very liberal, but I am sure we have enjoyed many a hearty laugh at his expense. How strange that it should have come into your head to think of him to-night!"

But there was nothing strange about it. A thousand recollections, "buried all under the down-trodden pall of the leaves of many years," rose up from their graves that night to people Mabel's mind. The memories of the dead, God be thanked! are not always mournful, although the echo of their mirth sounds so sadly to us from the tomb; and perhaps what was destined to be missed most and longest, in the place that was to know Parson Denham no more, was the smile that was a cordial to weary hearts, and the wit that always couched its shining lance in the cause of the weak and the poor.

A HORSE FAIR IN BRITTANY.

HERE we have a highly characteristic scene of Breton life. In many towns of Brittany a monthly horse fair is held; and these meetings are noted not only for the excellent specimens of horse-flesh which are brought together there, but for the human oddities who bring them. The horses are especially good, and are much sought after in the other provinces, so that our worthy Breton often makes a good thing out of his stable. Thus, as the sketch on page 213 represents, on fair-day the peasants of the neighborhood bring their salable steeds to the appointed place, which, in this case, is the pretty little town of Pont Aven; and great is the bargaining and consumption of sour cider and *petits verres* of weak brandy that then go on. The Breton has many odd customs of his own. He wears long hair, short jackets, baggy trowsers, and wide-awake hats; but he has one trait in common with other Frenchmen. And as a Turk can not do a stroke of business without his *tchibouk*, a Chinaman without his cup of tea, so can not our Breton propose, discuss, or conclude a bargain without the aid of a *petit verre*.

During the war the French army has been badly off for horses; and this is probably owing to the system of putting out the artillery horses in time of peace—*i. e.*, letting them out for agricultural purposes. It was customary to permit farmers, on the deposit of a small amount of caution money, to use the spare horses of the army for plowing, harrowing, or other rural labors. As French farmers are notorious for the carelessness with which they treat their horses, the poor animals naturally fell into bad condition, and when wanted for the campaign were totally unfit for their work. Great numbers were then bought up in England, Ireland, and Hungary; but as many of these were not equal to the rough work required of them, the French frequently found themselves in great straits. This, perhaps, accounts for the great superiority of the German cavalry over the French in the recent campaign.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE announcement of a certain temperance lecture in Muskegon, Michigan, was simply in the words, "Muzzle that Dog," which was posted in large letters throughout the city, and some of the unsophisticated, taking it as a warning from the police, muzzled their respective curs without delay.

A darky, left in charge of a telegraph office in New Orleans, while the operator went to dinner, heard some one "call" over the wires, and began shouting at the instrument, "De operator isn't yer." The noise ceased.

A garrulous fop, who had annoyed by his frivolous remarks his partner in the ball-room, among other empty things asked whether "she had ever had her ears pierced." "No," was the reply; "but I've often had them *bored!*"

Misfortunes never come single,
And so, like birds of a feather,
The marriages and the deaths
Are always printed together.

HOW TO GET THE EXACT WEIGHT OF A FISH—Weigh him in his own scales.

At a juvenile party in Lowell one little fellow, rejoicing in the splendor of his new clothes, sidled up to another, with the triumphant remark, "You ain't dressed as well as I am." "Well," retorted the other, "I can lick you, any how."

When does a besieged city most resemble a pea?—When it is shelled.

THE ARTIST'S ADIEU TO HIS PICTURE—You be hanged.

ANOTHER NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—More disappointment arising out of the title of a book! An enterprising farmer, always on the watch for information, indeed an enthusiast in his profession, ordered "Rain upon the Mown Grass," and found it was—sermons.

A friend relates a comical story of an Irishman who went in grief to a neighbor to get some of the women to lay his grandmother out for burial. Accordingly, that night a couple of the ladies went over, when, to their great astonishment, the man met them at the gate, informing them, "No hurry; she isn't dead jist yet; but ye may begin bilin' the water to wash her."

A Western editor reports money "close, but not close enough to be reached."

A jolly fellow suggests the following: To make boarding-house hash, take a little uv every thing, a good deal uv nothing, and throw in something; jam to a mix, cook over a coal-fire, season with hair-pins, and serve up on a jump.

DRAWING-ROOM—Apartment of a dentist.

An Indiana editor says that he now believes in total depravity, as some wretch lately stole his only pair of boots, which will confine him to the house till the opening of the barefoot season.

THE BEST THING TO TAKE BEFORE BREAKFAST—Another nap.

As an illustration of the exigencies of rhyme, an English magazine writer cites the following epitaph, copied from a tombstone at Manchester:

"Here lies, alas! more's the pity,
All that remains of Nicholas Newcity.
N.B.—His name was Newtown."

An appropriate present for a zoologist would be a bunch of seals.

He was evidently not beyond the reach of consolation, that sad Hoosier widower, who replied to a sympathizing visitor, at the funeral of his wife, "Well, yes, I shall miss her; she was a very expensive woman."

OLD LADY. "When does the next train stop here?"
PORTER (*explaining*). "Well, 'm, ye see, the next train don't stop 'ere at all, and the next train as stops 'ere don't go no further, and the next is a through express."
(Old lady is much better for the explanation.)

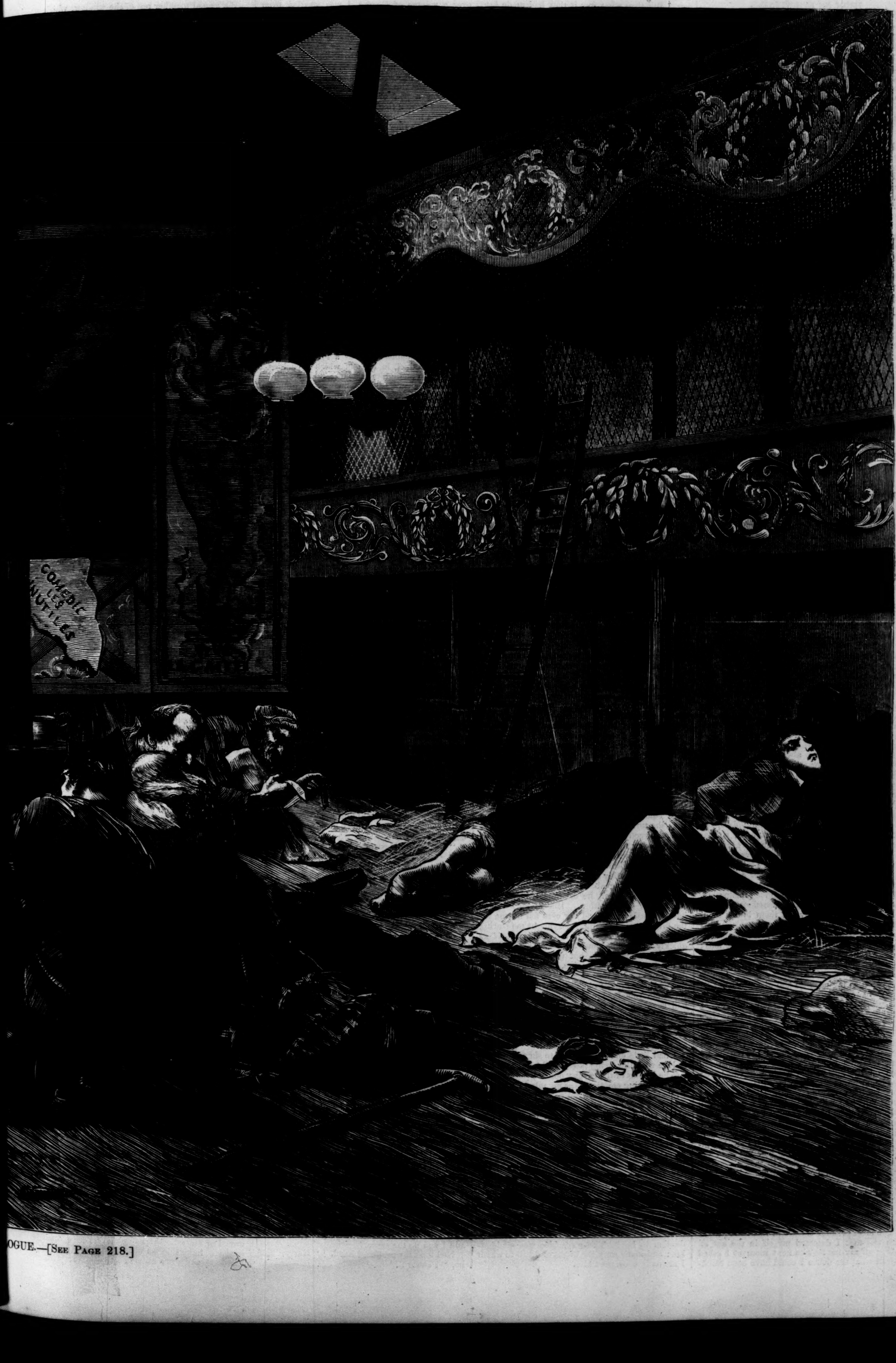
A great violinist accepted an invitation from a vulgar notary at Brussels, and was kind enough to play during the evening to the guests. A month after the notaress sent the musician another invitation, with this postscript: "Above all, don't forget your instrument." The musician sent back a violin, and these lines: "Madame,—I regret that, personally, I can not accept your invitation for the —th. I am sure you will the more readily forgive the apparent neglect, as I send my instrument."

"Now, then, my hearties," said a gallant captain, seeing that his men were likely to be outnumbered, "you have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder's gone; then—run! I'm a little lame, and I'll start now."

CHEEK.

Louis Nap.—"AS SOON AS YOU ARE READY, I WOULD LIKE TO OCCUPY MY THRONE, IF YOU PLEASE!"

THE THEATRE OF WA[illegible]



[...]F WA[...]OGUE.—[See Page 218.]

THE THEATRE AT BEAUGENCY.

FROM AN EYE-WITNESS.

"Down the dark narrow passage where jolly crowds had hustled for a front seat in the pit—a *cockpit* now—Heavens, what a hideous sight! What a sickening stench! I can not bear it. I go back; then try again. In the middle of the long room is a table covered with rags and doctors' stuff, close to a fire, round which crouch those who are only slightly wounded. There is the long, low stage, with its far-drawn vista of ins and outs, and nooks and corners, from which jut the ends of straw beds and mattresses mixed up with all the litter of the stage—lanterns, boxes, scenery, and dresses; the tawdry proscenium and half-dropped curtain; the gilded balcony over the orchestra, where lie wounded men, three on either side of the steps, one nearly naked binding up his own leg; the tiers of boxes at the sides, with their tinsel decorations and purple drapery, and under them the long foul line of wretches, some dying, some crying out at the touch of the surgeon, some desperate, with faces buried in their straw, praying, perhaps, for death; the play-bills and manager's notices still pasted over their heads—one that '*Les consommations doivent etre payées en les servant*;' another, '*Par ordre de police il est expressément défendu de fumer dans la salle*'—in the fore-ground is a group cowering round the stove, whose chimney pierces the arched ceiling by a hole, through which peeps one solitary little bit of pure blue sky. How they must have lain and longed for that pure sky, those wretched inmates of the loathsome lazarette! One victim was carried past me dead as I stood there, his clay-cold feet cropping from the cloth thrown round him. This is *Le Théatre de la guerre*, and here is *the epilogue!* Here are some of those who 'sought a bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth.' I have looked for Heroism in war, and found only Foulness. Pah! I am glad to get away, and passing by the ticket-place and corpse, I stand once more in the pure air and the sun."

LOVE AND COUNTER-LOVE, OR MASQUERADING.

I.—LOVE AT SECOND SIGHT.

Indisputably I was in love. There could be no doubt about it. And yet scarcely three days had passed since, standing in the solitude of my apartment, arranging the unwilling folds of my neck-tie before the cracked looking-glass, I had said to myself, with a touch of conscious pride, "I've never been in love in my life!"

Nor had I. The nearest approach I had ever made to it was once during my college days, when I had become deeply enamored of a picture of my chum's sister, which hung on the wall of our room. I had confided my passion to Ned, of course, and we had plotted a marriage between us, to take place as soon as we should get out of college; she, all the time, being with her uncle in England, whither she had gone some years before, on the death of their father, old Ralph Lawnworth. This fact may have accounted for the falling through of our plans. At any rate, fall through they did.

For, on graduating, Ned had his hands full to take care of his immense property; I had my profession to study; and Cecile, I suppose, remained in England with her uncle. But I always believed that, had circumstances been more favorable, things might have turned out differently. I know that I always retained a vivid recollection of the portrait; and I really believe that my romantic and boyish love for it may have been potent to preserve me from many of the matrimonial perils that beset a young man's path. However that may be, I stood before my glass that afternoon unloving and, as far as I knew, unbeloved also. This looking-glass, by-the-way, was of German manufacture; so was the room; so was the house. In short, and not to keep the reader in suspense, I was in Germany. When, a year or so before this story begins, my poor old aunt went to her account (I trust her pounds avoirdupois outweighed her sins), I had given way to my life-long inclination, and, collecting my worldly possessions together—I found I could easily get them into a moderate valise—I had set out on my travels. Germany, the father-land of fairy stories and romance, had presented the greatest attractions; and here I was, accordingly, subsisting very peacefully and contentedly on beer, music, and philosophy.

As soon as my neck-tie had given in I put on my Tyrolese hat, lighted a Russian cigarette, and sallied forth into the soft June sunshine. I was bound on my daily walk to the Grosser Garten, there to listen to the music, and imbibe the delicious beer, which, and which alone, make Germany worth living in. My way lay toward the river, where it is spanned by the dusky arches of the venerable bridge. Beneath the arch on the further side a gigantic canal-boat was being towed up stream by a string of human horses. This was an occurrence that I had never failed to witness whenever I crossed the bridge. Nor had I ever omitted to pause a few moments and watch its progress in company with a crowd of slow-witted Teutons, who took as much interest in the matter as if they, and all their ancestors before them, had not seen the same thing every day of their lives.

The rumbling of a carriage over the bridge distracted my attention from this exciting spectacle. I looked round, and caught a glimpse of a beautiful young woman seated in it, and by her side a ruddy-visaged, white-bearded old fellow, whom I at once set down as her father.

The most peculiar feature of this little adventure was that I detected myself in the act of taking off my hat! The next moment I asked myself what the deuce I could have been thinking of. Did I know the lady? Certainly not: I felt sure that I had never even so much as seen her. But then what was it that had made her face seem so familiar to me? For it assuredly had seemed familiar; and though I had obtained but the merest glance of it, I found I could recall it, line by line, and feature by feature. Gray eyes, clear, sweet, and steady; a mouth small and delicate, but with a resolute "set" about the curved lips that gave a self-reliant and somewhat haughty air to her charming face; a firm, white little chin; delicate yet healthful complexion; and a most lovable little nose, with no regularity about it, and therefore utterly bewitching. It seemed to me I remembered that nose especially well. But I was quite unable to satisfy myself what business I had to remember any thing about her at all. Three seconds was the outside of the time I could have been looking at her, and yet I knew every thing in her face—yes, down to the little mole on her left cheek.

"It is the strangest thing I ever heard of," soliloquized I, as I traversed the quaint and narrow streets of the old city. "I shall send an account of it to the President of the Society of Pre-existinarians, as a striking confirmation of the truth of their theory. I only wish she would find an old acquaintance in me. Perhaps she may return my bow next time!"

Immersed in such speculations, I arrived at the concert ground—fifty tables set out beneath ancestral trees, and the band arranged under a sort of wooden tent at one side. Around the tables were congregated the German race, who, under the combined effects of beer, sausages, and music, presented a species of animal I was very fond of studying. I took my place at my accustomed table, and having sent the grinning "Kellner" for a "Glas Bairisches," I settled myself as comfortably in my chair as its rickety properties would allow, and began my observations on the faces around me. They did not extend very far on this occasion, for the occupants of the very next table to mine, to which I first directed my attention, were the identical young lady and old gentleman whom I had just encountered on the bridge.

I congratulated myself on my good luck, but made no rash demonstrations this time, though my second view of the lady only confirmed me in my perverse belief that I had seen her before. But I wisely resolved not to trouble myself about that. Enough that I saw her now; the next thing was to get an introduction. And the next event that occurred increased my desire to obtain one tenfold. During a pause of a few moments in the music I overheard some words of their conversation, when what was my surprise and delight at finding they spoke English!

At the time I write of—something less than twenty years ago—it was by no means so usual to meet English or Americans in a German town as it has since become; and though I had been but a year away from home, I found the sound of the English tongue by no means unwelcome. But this new discovery, charming as it was, could hardly warrant my presenting myself, and the most I could do, after all, was to sit still and stare.

"Gott! was für eine Schönheit!" exclaimed a coarse, guttural voice behind me.

I knew the voice very well; it was the property of a huge, overgrown cavalry officer, the occupant of the étage below mine, against whom, for several reasons, I had acquired a most inveterate dislike. There he stood, with his sleepy, sensual eyes fixed full upon the young lady's face, and his stupid features twisted into an attempt at rapturous admiration.

I felt strongly inclined to get up and thrash him, but didn't, remembering that I was in Germany, and that it was none of my business in any case. The young lady, however, turned out to be quite able to take her own part. Her deepened color proved she had heard the remark; then she turned very pale, and raising her head, looked directly through the cavalry officer. The latent power in her eyes came out, and on her mouth was unutterable scorn. The big lump of flesh seemed absolutely to dwindle away; his remarks and scrutiny came to an abrupt termination; and turning about, with a melancholy attempt at a swagger, he decamped, leaving her mistress of the situation. Her lip curled in a haughty little sneer, and her eyes fell on me for the first time. I'm afraid she caught me staring with my mouth open. I recovered myself as quickly as possible, and blushed like a school-boy; she colored also, but whether with anger or not I could not determine. But she was evidently of opinion that this was no place for her. She whispered to the old gentleman (who had all this time remained quite unconscious of what had been going on), and they forthwith arose, entered their carriage, and drove off; and all my interest in the concert, and every thing else, seemed to have been driven off with them. I arose and took my way homeward.

I had little enough grounds to show for being in love with the young lady; still less cause had I to be jealous of the cavalry officer; yet by these two conflicting emotions was my mind disturbed. Probably they reacted upon and intensified each other. I loved her because she was entirely lovable; and I hated him because he seemed to share my love.

The events of the next few days did not tend to alleviate my inflamed condition. I only obtained a few aggravatingly brief glimpses of the young lady; and the climax was capped by the demeanor of the cavalry officer. As often as I encountered him I imagined he regarded me with a peculiar look of malignant satisfaction, as if he was aware of and exulted at my misery, and at the same time was himself in the enjoyment of all I was striving for.

Was it possible that he had obtained an introduction to her? The mere idea was maddening; and many were the forms of death to which I mentally consigned him.

It was while laboring under the depression induced by these events that, sitting in my room over a volume of Goethe, I was startled from my brown-study by a quick knock at the door. Hastily throwing the dictionary under the table, and closing my book, I bade the caller "Herein!"

II.—LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

In response to my summons the door opened, and a small, dark-complexioned little fellow appeared on the threshold. He was faultlessly attired, had a pair of mischievous, clear brown eyes, and wore a thick mustache and imperial.

But the mustache and imperial could not hide him, large as they were. I had no need for a second glance; the mist of five years cleared away in an instant, and springing from my chair I caught my old friend Lawnworth in my arms. He struggled manfully, but it was no use; and when at last I let him get his feet on terra firma he was quite limp and out of breath.

"Ned, old fellow," cried I, "is this really yourself?"

"Of course it is, my dear child," replied he; "what there is left of me;" and he felt his ribs doubtfully. He always took a fatherly tone toward me, on the strength of being about one-quarter my size.

"Well," exclaimed I, emphatically, "I never was so glad to see any one in my life."

And hereupon I led him, unresisting, to my big green easy-chair, put my choicest meerschaum into his mouth, produced my last scrap of "Perique" from the top of the book-case, and then, throwing myself on the sofa, I proceeded to load and fire a well-burned brier-wood, in vast contentment of spirit. Ned was just the man I wanted to see; invaluable either as a lover's envoy or second in a duel, in both of which capacities I proposed to make him officiate; and on all difficult and delicate subjects he was an unfailing adviser. I longed to pour into his sympathizing ear the story of my woes.

I reflected, however, that there was time enough to discuss affairs of the heart, and postponed allusion to them, while for half an hour we kept up a running fire of question and answer. At last we paused a moment by mutual consent, and puffed contemplative clouds at each other.

"But you haven't yet told me what brought you over here," said I, recommencing the bombardment.

"Well," replied Ned, after a moment's hesitation, "I came to look after my sister."

"What!" exclaimed I; "haven't you seen her since she went to England?"

"No, not for ten years," answered the little man, descending from his chair and beginning to pace the room. "I started about three months ago to make them a surprise visit. When I got to the house—no one at home; gone traveling, the housekeeper said; didn't know where. I came on to Paris, thinking I should find them there, if any where." And Ned stopped and gazed pensively out of the window.

"Haven't you even heard of them yet?" demanded I. "That's very remarkable."

"Well, yes, my boy, it is, rather," said Ned, appearing somewhat restless. He became deeply and unaccountably interested in the pot of heliotrope that stood in the window. "That is—" continued he at length.

"Well, what is it?" inquired I.

"You see, the fact is, Harry," said he, addressing the bowl of his pipe, "I didn't get time to look after them much."

"How so?" I asked, beginning to suspect there was a screw loose somewhere. "You just said you came on purpose."

"So I did," replied he; "but—" At this ominous word he paused, and tearing off the choicest blossom of my heliotrope, proceeded to use it as a tobacco-stopper. I did not interrupt him; I gave him plenty of line, knowing he would come ashore at last. And so he did, on the very next tack.

"Harry Hollingsworth," said he, impressively, "can you keep a secret?"

"Try me," replied I. "Queer we should both of us have a confidence on hand," I remarked to myself.

"You know, my dear Harry," proceeded Ned, stroking his imperial a little nervously, "that I never was susceptible."

I turned and looked at him. There was no doubting it; he had all the signs; the experience of my own heart told me that. I exclaimed at once:

"Ned, you're in love. Come, own up."

There was a silence.

"Ah, how little you can understand, my dear child!" said he at last, apostrophizing the landscape. "In love? In despair, rather."

"Of course you are. I understand all that," replied I. "But come, tell me all about it. What's her name?"

"Just what I want to know," returned Ned. "Couldn't get an introduction, though I tried every thing. Her old man keeps a look-out for me, I believe. I followed them from Paris all over the country, till at last I've tracked them to this musty old place."

"What! are they here?"

"Yes; came several days ago. I saw your name at the banker's, and rushed up. Thought you might know them, perhaps, and could give me a lift," continued Ned, forgetting the paternal for the nonce.

"Ned," said I, coming up to the window out of which my friend was leaning, "on one condition I'll give you all the help I can."

"Name it," said Ned, majestically.

"That you'll do the same for me. You see," continued I, confidentially, "I'm in love too, and our cases are remarkably similar, as I will hereafter explain. Now, take your oath you'll do every thing in your power to get me married, and I will do the same."

Ned took my proffered hand. "Harry," said he, "I swear it."

"So do I," I rejoined, solemnly. "And now for the particulars."

We leaned together out of the window, which commanded a full view of the two streets crossing beneath it. I was just about to launch into a detailed account of my experiences, when my friend interrupted me by exclaiming, in great excitement,

"By Heaven! there she is!"

I looked down to the street. A carriage was driving rapidly past, and seated in it were the identical young lady and old gentleman I was on the point of describing to Ned.

"Why, how the devil did *you* know her?" gasped I.

"How do I know her?" repeated he: "how can I help knowing the girl I am in love with?"

III.—LOVE AND TREACHERY.

It never rains but it pours! I had considered myself badly enough off before my best friend assumed a position toward me that was only fit for my worst enemy.

I drew my head in from the window, and sat down on the nearest chair, and proceeded to review several very unpleasant facts which Ned's last inquiry had brought to light.

First, we were both in love with the same woman; second, I alone was aware of the fact; third, I had just taken my oath to do my best to get my friend married to this very young lady. How little had I known to what I was pledging myself! Luck was dead against me. I had had troubles in my day, but never three more disagreeable pills to be swallowed all at once! There was no chance for fair rivalry, even. I must not only keep the matter a secret from Ned—I must abstain from all attentions to the lady.

"And to think," groaned I, "if I had only seen that carriage a moment sooner it would all have been the other way!" Not a very Christian remark, but it had an immense deal of human nature in it. Ned, meanwhile, absorbed in the delicious excitement of watching the carriage disappear down the street, remained in blissful ignorance of my passage through the vale of tribulation. All I could see of him were his small legs and feet, which failed by about six inches to reach the floor.

A knock at the door. "Herein!" growled I.

Old Joanna, my maid-of-all-work, appeared with a troubled countenance, and handed me a note. She then remained standing, first on one leg and then on the other, as if something weighed on her mind.

"You may go," said I, severely.

"If the well-born son of a lord would excuse," said the old lady, overflowing with gutturals and gesticulation, "the note should have come three days before; but the Herr Officier who lives below received it by mistake, and only remembered it to-day; and Christina, his mädchen, says—"

"That will do," said I, savagely; and, with a deprecating courtesy, she vanished.

"The scoundrel!" I muttered. "I wonder if that was what he was grinning about when I met him?"

The note contained tickets for myself and friends to a masquerade ball at my banker's, to come off that evening. "It's queer there should be but two tickets, when the invitation is for me and my friends. It's not much matter, though; I shouldn't have gone, any way," remarked I.

Ned now clambered down from the window in a state of dreamy ecstasy, and threw himself on the sofa. "Wasn't she lovely?" said he.

I made no reply. He took up the envelope, which lay beside him, and began idly to examine it.

"Were you aware, my boy," said he at length, "that this envelope has been opened before? See there!"

Sure enough, one end had been cut open with a pair of scissors, and then pasted together again. "That's where the other ticket went to," ejaculated I; "the thieving rascal!"

"Whom do you dignify by that title?" demanded Ned.

"The officer below," I replied, briefly. "I'll be hanged if I can see what his object could have been," I added.

"Can't say," rejoined Ned; "unless," he continued, with a smile, "he's a rival of yours, and wants to cut you out. Is that young lady you spoke of just now going to be there?"

This accidental solution of the enigma put on the finishing touch to the anguish of my heart. Beyond a doubt it was the correct one. The officer had taken this method of at once preventing my attendance at the ball, and insuring his own, having in some way informed himself that the young lady would be present. It accounted also for his demeanor to me on the street. I resolved to be even with him, at any rate, and that at once.

"Ned," said I, "I move we go to this masquerade, late as it is. It will be good fun; and I've no doubt that both our lady-loves will be there. What do you say?"

"Well, perhaps we had better go," replied Ned, vainly endeavoring to conceal his impatience to be off immediately. "I may be able to give you some assistance, you know," continued the little hypocrite.

"All right," said I; "I'll send for dominoes immediately."

IV.—LOVE IN DOMINOES.

A few hours afterward two dark muffled figures (which, not unnecessarily to alarm the reader, were those of myself and friend) might have been seen trying to induce a drosky-driver to forsake his dewy slumbers beneath a flickering gas-lamp. Having at length partly awakened him, we jumped in, and were jerked and wrenched to our destination. Descending from our chariot, we pushed our way through a motley crowd of fantastic shapes up the staircase, delivered our tickets to an old grandee of Spain at the door, and were ushered into the reception-

hall forthwith. Having paid our respects to Nut-cracker and Sugar-dolly, the host and hostess of the occasion, we found ourselves at liberty to go whither we chose. Feeling in no mood for gayety, I proposed that we should meet at an appointed place an hour from that time, meanwhile to pursue our fortunes apart. Ned assented readily, and we separated accordingly; he in quest of his love, and I of my enemy, whom I intended to make the scape-goat of all my pent-up wrath.

Manifold and wonderful was the incongruous harmony of shapes that drifted before my eyes, fascinating partly by its novelty and partly by its realization of impossibilities. Strange and numerous were my adventures; but I paid little attention to them, until finally I was accosted by the arch-fiend in person. He appeared to recognize me at once as one of his household, and would instantly have hurried me to the bottomless pit; but I resisted strenuously, and ultimately escaped by pointing out to his worship a certain individual in a Bloomer costume as being even more fitted than myself for the honor of his company. He introduced himself immediately, and I was pleased to observe that a most cordial and complete understanding was at once established between them.

Warned by this last encounter, I withdrew from the crowd, and ensconced myself in the deep embrasure of a neighboring window, determined to wait there until the time for meeting Ned should arrive. As yet I had seen nothing of either the young lady or the officer, but I felt sure they were present.

"I wish I'd never met her," soliloquized I; "or that Ned had had fraternal instinct enough to go on looking after his sister; or, for that matter, if I had been constant enough to stick to my old love for her—I should probably have died a bachelor, to be sure, but that couldn't have made things worse."

The clock struck twelve, the appointed hour, and I began to shoulder my way to the rendezvous—one of the side rooms off the principal hall.

A heavy crimson curtain served as a door. I pulled it aside, entered the room, and removing my mask, looked about me. It was empty. "Not come yet," I remarked; "perhaps he's met—"

The sound of a voice, audible above the muffled din of the crowd outside, made me start and pause: it came from an adjoining room, which I now noticed for the first time, opening out of the one in which I was standing. It was the coarse guttural voice of the officer. I stepped forward at once, with a savage exultation in my heart. My time had come!

Before I could take a second step I heard a woman's scream—slight and suppressed, as though coming through set lips—but I recognized it at once, and it went through my heart like a knife. It must be dire need that could draw a scream from *her*. My blood stood still, then rushed tingling to the tips of my fingers. I sprang through the doorway.

There they were! She, shrunk up in the furthest corner of the room, her gray eyes black and flashing, anger and loathing in every line of face and figure; he, heated with liquor, bending over her, had placed one hand on her bosom, while he stooped forward to kiss her.

"Stop!" thundered I, in a voice hoarse with rage.

She gave a joyful little cry as she saw me, and her eyes lightened. He turned on the instant, his sword half out of the sheath. But he was at least five seconds too late.

Before he could draw it out I was upon him, and had caught him by the throat. Then he dropped his sword and grappled with me. He was a heavy and powerful man, but I was the quicker and more skillful, and a life of muscular training now stood me in good stead. For a few moments we strained forward and backward; then, suddenly putting forth all my strength at a moment when he was unprepared, I whirled his gigantic carcass across my hip, and he came down with a headlong crash to the floor, I falling on him. As he fell his head struck the marble foot of the mantel-piece; and when I gathered myself up to secure my advantage my enemy lay limp and motionless, the blood flowing from a deep gash in his temple.

I rose to my feet, and turned to the young lady. She was leaning up against the wall, one hand clenched, the other pressed against her heart, and her face very pale. Her eyes met mine; they were yet bright with anger, but, as I looked, the tears came into them. She stretched her hand toward me, and her lips moved to speak; then all at once overstrained nature gave way, her eyes closed, and she sank without a word to the floor.

It seemed to me, as I raised her in my arms and laid her on the sofa, that I had never known till then how much I loved her. But it was not for me to indulge in such thoughts; and as I proceeded to do what I could to restore her to consciousness I tried to forget that it was *she* who lay there so pale and still and sweet.

My endeavors were just beginning to have effect when I heard a hasty step in the next room, and a kind, gruff voice, "Now, my dear, are you ready?" and the next moment the white-headed old gentleman appeared in the doorway.

He stopped short in astonishment and dismay at the scene before him, glancing from the motionless man on the floor to the motionless woman on the sofa, and then at me, with a look of such agonized entreaty that I hastened to reassure him.

"She's not dead, Sir," said I, "only fainted. I happened to come in, and found that fellow insulting her, and—"

A deep sigh from the sofa interrupted me, and we both forgot every thing else in the anxiety of watching her recovery. It was very rapid. She raised herself on her arm, and the first thing she saw was the old gentleman on his knees at her side.

"Oh, dear uncle!" exclaimed she, throwing her arms round his neck. "I'm so glad you're here!"

"So," thought I, "he's not her father, after all!"

"But, my dear," demanded he, anxiously, as soon as he had satisfied himself that she was alive and unharmed, "who is this gentleman?" indicating me. "Are you acquainted with him? And how—"

"I don't know his name," said she, interrupting, and looking at me in charming embarrassment; "but I know he *is* a gentleman. Oh, if you had only seen him fight that man there! It was glorious! I wished I had been a man! I want to thank you, Sir," she continued to me; "but I never can thank you properly for your noble conduct. May I shake hands with you?"

She had never looked so lovely as she did at that moment, looking up in my face with changing color and extended hand. I would have died on the spot for the sake of one of her little white fingers. But I knew if I took one step more I was lost—if, indeed, I had not already gone too far. My promise to Ned was trembling on the verge of dissolution. With an effort that left me as weak as a child I drew back a step. Oh, how I wished that I and not the officer were lying senseless at her feet!

She looked surprised, then drew herself up haughtily and coldly. "You must excuse my freedom, Sir," said she. "I thought—no matter what. I merely wished to signify my obligation for your assistance.—Uncle," she continued, "let us go now, please."

"Sorry to be late," said the voice of Ned in the next room. "What the devil— Hallo!" exclaimed he, catching sight of the prostrate officer, and finally of the young lady and her uncle. He stopped, looking from one to the other of us in bewilderment. The old gentleman and his niece moved toward the door.

Then, all at once, I came to my senses. I could not and would not let her go off with the impression that I was a boor, devoid of all sense and courtesy; it was a little too much. Ned's presence relieved me of the scruples I had felt before. Intercepting their passage, I addressed myself to her:

"Stop one moment, please," I said. Leaning on her uncle's arm, she paused; in her eyes a questioning, half-hopeful expression seemed to struggle with wounded pride. "She don't *wish* to think ill of me," said I to myself, and felt encouraged. "You said just now you knew I was a gentleman," I continued, blundering along, without much idea of what I was about. "I want you to think so still. I can't explain now—but, really, I didn't mean to be rude. Can you forgive me?"

She did not take her eyes off me all the time I was speaking; and as I ended I saw forgiveness in them. But before she could speak the old gentleman broke in:

"Excuse me, Sir," said he, "but it strikes me things have been going on in rather an unbusinesslike manner. I should feel obliged to you if you would favor me with your name."

"Harry Hollingsworth is my name," I replied; "and this gentleman," turning to Ned, determined to do my duty by him at all costs, "is my friend Ned Lawnworth, of Rookwood."

If I had told them that Ned was Satan incarnate it could not have produced a more striking effect. The young lady gave a little scream, and gazed at Ned with such a bewitching expression of bewilderment, delight, and affection that my heart died within me. As for the old gentleman, he stared at Ned a moment with all his eyes and eye-glasses, and then burst out:

"Are you the son of old Ralph Lawnworth, the banker?"

"I am, Sir, I believe," replied Ned, evidently unable to determine whether he were asleep or awake.

"God bless you, my boy!" cried the old gentleman, seizing both his hands, and shaking them with all his might; "God bless you! What, don't you know me? I'm your uncle Tom, boy—your old uncle Tom! And here—Cecile! Ned! this is your sister! Forgotten her too, eh?"

I haven't any very distinct recollection of what happened after that. We were all very jolly, and questions, explanations, and congratulations followed each other in a shower. In the midst of it all I happened to catch Ned's eye, and there was a rueful expression in it strangely at variance with the prevailing gayety. I stepped up to him, and whispered something in his ear.

"You don't mean it!" he exclaimed, starting back.

"Fact!" said I; "and I never realized before what good policy it is to keep one's promises. That introduction was the hardest and the luckiest thing I ever did."

"Well," said Ned, "I never felt any real inconvenience in being myself until this evening. But I shall consider that that fact relieves me of any further responsibility as regards keeping my promise to *you*, Sir."

"Now what are you two talking about?" inquired the loveliest of women. "Mayn't I know?"

"Oh, my dear," replied Ned, with his mischievous smile, "you'll find that out soon enough!" Upon which I blushed, and she looked puzzled, and Uncle Tom rubbed his hands and laughed as if he thought it the best joke in the world. I'm afraid he didn't relish it quite so well afterward.

As for the officer, he came to himself about this time, and sat up, looking the picture of misery. But when he saw the turn events had taken he crawled away, and we none of us ever saw him again; so I never was able to thank him for the introduction he had procured me.

I had intended to keep on a little longer, and explain how every thing came about; but my wife, who is looking over my shoulder, says I have written as much as any one needs to know, and, since I have implicit faith in her judgment, I sha'n't add one word more.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IMPRESSED with the belief that the public would be glad to learn more concerning winter life among the clouds, a representative from the Boston *Journal* recently paid a visit to the scientific party on Mount Washington. Although there are inhabited places in America at a greater elevation than the summit of this mountain—which, according to barometrical observations, is about 6291 feet in height—none are so exposed to the fury of the elements; consequently this enterprise has awakened great interest. The ascent of Mount Washington, in the winter, can be accomplished safely enough by one who is blessed with an extra amount of physical strength, though the sudden and severe changes liable to occur are dangerous. Physical exhaustion might lead to serious results. There have been two instances, at least, the present season, where persons have become so exhausted in climbing the mountain that they could not have proceeded without aid from others, while death would have ensued had they been abandoned. On one occasion a young man became so fatigued and so benumbed with cold that his companions were compelled to carry him a considerable part of the way. Professor Huntington was possessed of great powers of endurance, and evidently thinks nothing of walking up and down the mountain. The scientific party occupy the dépôt which was erected last summer. The frame-work is of the strongest kind, and bars, braces, and supports of various kinds give it stability, while three strong iron chains, securely fastened to the rocks, pass over the roof. Within the dépôt, the apartment occupied by the party is about twenty feet long and eleven feet wide. It is protected from the cold by numerous devices, and two stoves occupy a prominent position in the middle of the room. This little snuggery is made to serve not only as a kitchen, dining-room, sleeping-room, sitting-room, parlor, library, and study, but also as an observatory and telegraph office. Every inch of space is utilized. Scientific instruments, books, book-cases, writing materials, snow-shoes, clothing of various kinds, maps, chairs, tables, beds, and an infinitude of tin dishes, all seem to have a place, though the occupants of the room complain that it is the easiest place to lose any thing in they ever saw. This enterprise of spending a winter upon Mount Washington was conceived many years ago by Professors Hitchcock and Huntington, and, though of a meteorological character, was adopted by the geological survey of the State. Professor Hitchcock assumed the expense, relying upon the friends of scientific research and mountain exploration to provide the funds by subscription. Nearly, though not quite, the whole amount necessary to defray the expense has been subscribed. The members of the expedition expect no personal remuneration.

The German army about Paris requires for daily consumption 148,000 three-pound loaves of bread, 1020 quintals of rice or barley, 595 beeves or 1020 quintals of bacon, 144 quintals of salt, 9600 quintals of oats, 24,000 quintals of hay, 28,000 quarts of brandy or other spirituous liquors. Each army corps, consisting of from 25,000 to 30,000 men, receives every ten days sixty quintals of smoking tobacco, 1,100,000 cigars for private soldiers, and 50,000 cigars for officers. Nearly all this immense mass of supplies has to be brought from Germany, a distance of some hundreds of miles, every army corps requiring daily the use of five railway trains of thirty-two freight cars each.

Isabella, ex-Queen of Spain, has requested permission to accompany the first party that passes through the Mont Cenis Tunnel by rail.

Arrangements have been made by the German Astronomical Society to construct a new and complete catalogue of all stars of the first nine magnitudes in the northern heavens. The work is distributed, by zones of five degrees, from eighty-five degrees north to two degrees south, to the officers of fourteen observatories. Those selected in this country are at Cambridge and Chicago.

"Our Girls" is the title of a new book by Dio Lewis, just published by Harper & Brothers, which contains much sensible advice, given in a plain but interesting manner. The book will find many readers, for many topics are treated concerning which girls and their mothers will be glad of information. Dio Lewis discourses at some length upon the dangers of wearing high heels, and the necessity of girls learning to walk. He says:

"The heels of the fashionable ladies' shoes at the present moment—quarter past three P.M., August 4, 1870—are two inches high, and at the bottom not larger than an old-fashioned silver quarter of a dollar, if any body can remember how large that was.

"Need it be argued that this absurd fashion weakens the ankle, and jams the toes into the sharp points of the boots?

"If a woman were to walk as much as her health requires, with those most unphysiological heels, her feet would soon be crippled.

"How any of you who desire to appear well, to make a fine impression, can consent to crawl about, poking your chins out, shoulder-blades sticking out, and wiggling yourselves along in that stubby, stumbling way, amazes me.

"Why, girls, if you were to give one-twentieth part as much time to learning to walk as you give to the piano, you would add immensely to your attractions."

Submarine divers have been employed to explore the sunken wreck at New Hamburg in search of bodies. It is now believed that the last has been recovered. Twenty-two in all are supposed to have lost their lives by this railroad disaster.

Those who have read with pleasure the works of M. Michelet will be interested in the description given of him, as an old, white-haired man, about seventy-six years old. He has a markedly intellectual face, large, hollow eyes, deeply sunken, but bright and penetrating, a small, somewhat bent figure, but with a great deal of dignity of bearing. He impresses one at once with a sense of great intellectual power and force. His conversation is serious and earnest, but at times he is sarcastic. His voice is somewhat slow and accentuated, but when interested in conversation his tone becomes more natural. His wife, who looks young enough to be his daughter, is a fair, thoughtful-looking, pretty woman, with a grand, dome-like forehead and regular features. She is eloquent and clever, and, notwithstanding all the disadvantage of bad spirits and delicate health, great natural gifts and great cultivation seem to have united in her to form a true woman.

Tin-foil has long been used, with excellent effect, as a preservative from the air of various substances that require such exclusion, especially such as chocolate, tobacco, cocoa-butter, etc. Quite recently a new application has been made of it in the preservation of lemons, which, as is well known, soon become dry and hard when exposed to the air, and ultimately parchment-like and covered with mould. The foil has the effect of preventing such drying up, and of keeping the lemons fresh for an indefinite period of time. Oranges may be kept fresh by the same means.

Telegraphic communication between America and Europe evidently is not such a simple thing to be maintained as many have supposed. The efforts made to repair the Atlantic cable at this season have failed in consequence of ice and storms. Probably the work must be delayed until warm weather. Meanwhile the French cable will be the only dependence.

A Massachusetts gentleman has invented a fire-escape which consists of a small rope, the upper end being provided with a grappling hook, which can be made fast to any projection. This rope runs through a slide block, in which operates a friction lever, which is controlled by the hand of the operator. To the block are fastened a pair of stirrups and a waist belt. The person in descending is in an upright position, and can, by pressing upon the lever, which is held in the hand, stop short as often as he pleases.

The war in France has caused the untimely death of some promising artists. Among these is Otto Weber, who was killed during one of the sorties from the capital in January. A fine picture by Weber has been on exhibition for some time at Goupil's gallery, which will be studied with peculiar interest. Regnault, who also lost his life in a sortie from Paris, was an artist of undoubted talent. He was only twenty-four at the time of his death, but had already won the highest honor of the French Academy at Rome. One of his paintings is now on exhibition in the Academy of Design. At the early age of twenty-eight Zamacois died at Madrid, whither he went from Paris. He was inclined to consumption, and the excitement of the war in France was thought to have brought him to an untimely grave. He was an artist of great originality, strength, and purity, and he stood high in the modern school of painters. Many specimens of his work have been exhibited in this city.

English papers state that the executors of the late Mr. Charles Dickens (Mr. John Forster and Mr. Dickens's sister-in-law, Miss Hogarth) have disposed of the author's entire series of copyrights to Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

That a social entertainment may be elegant, attractive, and thoroughly enjoyable without wines and liquors was pleasantly proved by the recent card reception given at the residence of Senator Pomeroy in Washington. All the arrangements for the evening were in the most tasteful and elegant style, and the collation served was of the choicest kind. Yet the strongest beverages furnished were coffee and lemonade. Notwithstanding this, the party was esteemed one of the most elegant of the season.

It has been reported that Taglioni, the once-renowned *danseuse*, was dead. A later report is that she is living luxuriously in her own palace at Venice.

During the past winter over 125,000 pounds of buffalo meat have been sold in this city. This is sent here mostly by a purveyor of bison who hails from Ellis City, Kansas. Not long ago a haunch of buffalo was regarded as a curiosity in New York city; now a regular traffic in it is established. Buffalo meat possesses in a marked degree the quality of remaining fresh and sweet for an almost unlimited period.

Vesuvius is in a state of alternate activity and quietude. But it has recently presented a very brilliant spectacle on fine nights, and many foreigners have hastened to view it, making the ascent as far as Atrio del Cavallo, the grand cone being almost prohibited ground. From all indications it is inferred that Vesuvius will for some time present a more or less brilliant spectacle before arriving at the grand finale, and travelers may bend their steps toward Naples with almost a certainty of seeing something worth seeing. The new cone which opened toward the north has closed, but at the back of it another mouth has opened, and is throwing out a lofty column of black smoke. In fact, the mountain is in a state of intermittent fever, being sometimes almost passive, and at others ejecting smoke and stones to a great height.

Word comes from Paris that "all the animals in the Zoological Gardens have been killed except the monkeys; these are kept alive from a vague and Darwinian notion that they are our relatives."

A few months ago a lady, who had no ambition to have her name known as a reformer or professional philanthropist, quietly attempted to do something for practical temperance in Boston. Through her instrumentality the "Holly-Tree Coffee-Room" was established—a clean, bright, cheerful place for refreshments—in the neighborhood of dirty grog-shops. A branch of holly was set in the window, an engraving of Charles Dickens, and other pictures, adorned the walls, newspapers were conveniently placed, and mottoes, in clear type, were displayed, of which the following are a sample:

"Hot coffee within
Is better than gin."

"Drink hot coffee, and save your cash;
Drink hot whisky, and go to smash."

The lady who established this coffee-house made herself responsible for the expenses for one year, and saw that the attendants were capable and trust-worthy, and that the provisions were of good quality. The place is kept by a man heartily interested in the work. The prices asked for coffee, tea, bread, meat, and similar articles are very low, yet will pay all expenses of the establishment. And its influence is being felt. Many prefer a clean table, and good, cheap food, without liquor, to their former haunts; and many others are trying to break away from old habits.

Lillie Smith, the little Sunday-school scholar who gained a reputation from having committed to memory three hundred and sixty-nine verses of Scripture in one quarter, is just recovering from brain-fever.

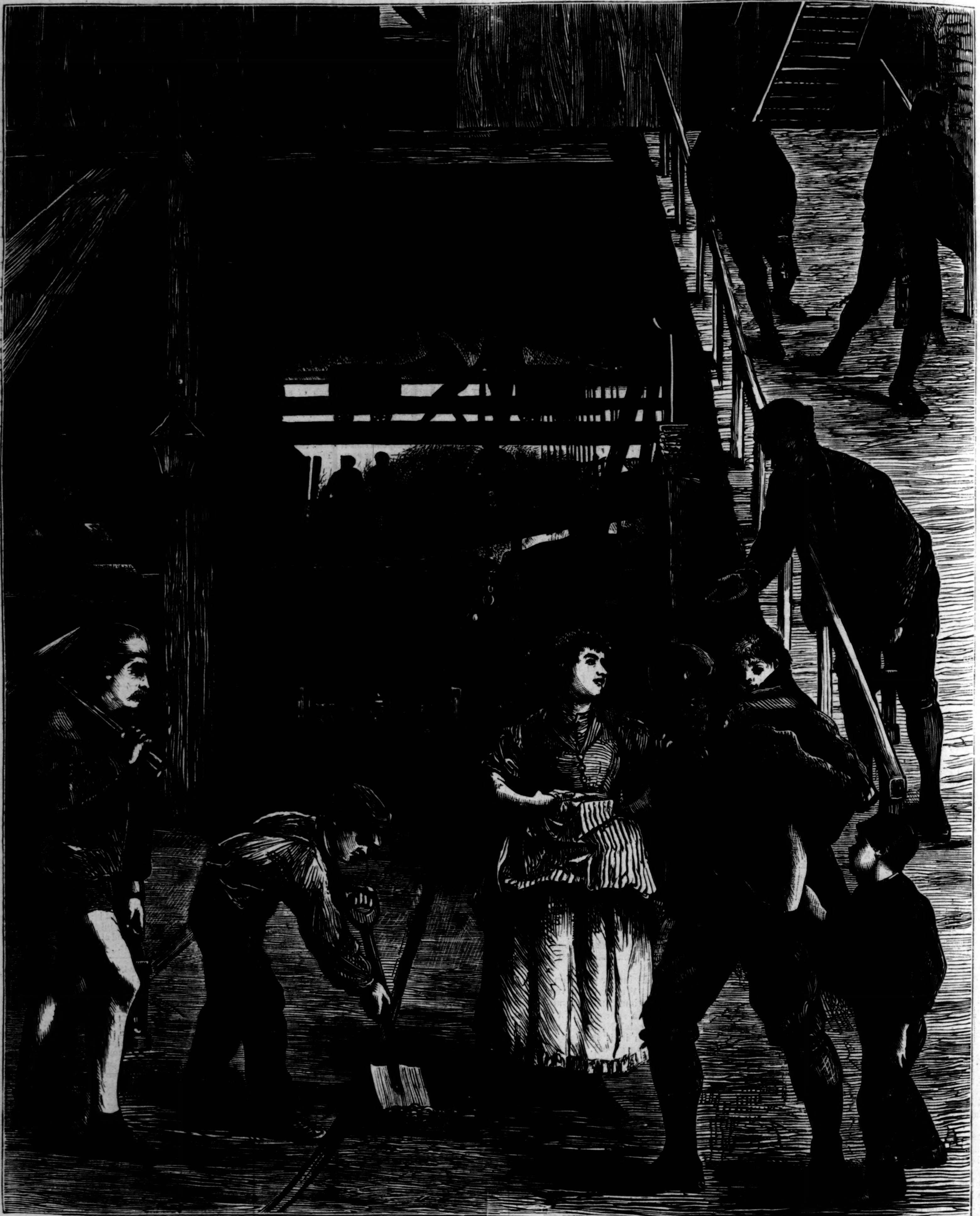
MINERS LEAVING THE PIT.

THE illustration on this page represents the conclusion of a day or night shift of workmen in an English coal-mine. The time may be morning or early evening. The wife of one of the men has come to meet him and the lads, and take them home to supper or breakfast, as the case may be. The men have come up from their underground labors in a tub or basket, and have been landed on a platform over the pit, from which we see three of them descending on an incline of rough plank.

The condition of the English miners, though greatly ameliorated of late years by humane legislation, is one of constant hardship and peril. Yet they not only become accustomed to the ordinary dangers of their work, but frequently run the most fool-hardy risks. In what are called "fiery" mines they often break open their safety-lamps, either for a little more light, or, in some cases, to light a pipe. In the early days of the lamp one great explosion was brought about by a miner who sneered at the anti-explosion invention, and purposely destroyed it. Although every precaution is taken in "fiery" mines, backed by "pains and penalties," the colliers often keep private keys to unlock the "safety-lamp," and do so at the risk of their own and all the other lives in the pit; but familiarity with danger breeds contempt of it, and among large bodies of men there are always reckless persons. Where there is nothing to fear from atmospherical changes and explosive gases the men work with naked candles, and a good deal of the coal is "blasted" with gunpowder, after the manner of quarrying. In illustration of the defective supervision in the past, as well as recklessness on the part of the men, it was the custom in certain known fiery mines in Wales to "blast" the coal; thus daily, as it were, defying the grim fiend Fire-damp, at whose mandate hundreds of human beings have been swept away in one fell swoop of flame, as hot and fierce and deadly as the sudden inburst of forty fiery furnaces.

The pitman's perils are only equaled by his courage and self-denial in times of danger. Though uncouth, vulgar, sometimes a brute, he is the very type of chivalry when the great incident of his career comes—the flooded mine, the blocked-up shaft, the fiery explosion. Is there any act of self-sacrifice needed to save the life of another? Is a life wanted? The collier is there. You are sure of your man. He will come forth out of the little knot of lookers-on. As certain as the peril, there he stands, with bared arm and breast, ready to swing down the awful chasm to the dark scene of death.

A pit village generally consists of one or more rows of cottages, and often these tenements belong to the proprietors of the coal-mines adjacent. Not many years ago a stranger who should have invaded such a colony in a good coat would have needed all his courage. "Stranger, Bill," "Heave half a brick at him," was not, once upon a time, an exaggeration; but in this respect the pit districts are wonderfully changed. The Dissenting minister, the hard-working parson here and there, the Odd-Fellows' clubs, meeting-houses, and other kindred institutions have ameliorated the condition of the miners immensely. In many a cottage nowadays you meet with



ENGLISH MINERS LEAVING THE PIT.

standard books. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is a favorite in some districts. The "beer-shop" is the greatest curse of pit districts, chiefly on account of the wretched liquor, which the beer-seller often adulterates—thus increasing the thirst of the drinker, and making him an easy prey to the enemy which takes the reason prisoner.

WILLIAM B. TAYLOR,

LATE ASSISTANT POSTMASTER, NEW YORK.

W. B. TAYLOR, LATE ASSISTANT POSTMASTER OF NEW YORK.

WILLIAM B. TAYLOR, whose portrait is given on this page, was the son of JOHN and SARAH TAYLOR, and was born in Trenton, New Jersey, January 28, 1800. His parents removed to New Brunswick, New Jersey, when he was quite a lad, and he entered the post-office there under BERNARD SMITH, postmaster, in the year 1815, served there very acceptably for several years, when he was called to the New York Post-office by General THEODORUS BAILEY, postmaster, who appointed him chief clerk. In those days the work was performed by only about six or seven persons, and Mr. TAYLOR, as chief clerk, assorted all the mails himself, and the postmaster, with his family, lived in rooms in the same house, which was what is known as a three-quarter house, on the corner of William and Garden streets (now Exchange Place). The business of the office was transacted in the small side of said building on the corner till 1826, when it was removed, temporarily, to the "old school-house," opposite the South Church, until the rooms were ready in the Exchange, corner of Hanover Street and Exchange Place, in 1828. After this Mr. SAMUEL L. GOUVERNEUR was appointed postmaster, with Mr. TAYLOR as assistant postmaster, in 1832. By a political strategy, Mr. BARNABAS BATES was substituted in his place. Matters grew so unpleasant that Mr. TAYLOR, with his friend Mr. WILLIAM S. DUNHAM, notified Mr. GOUVERNEUR that they would leave on the 1st December, 1835. Mr. GOUVERNEUR, however, prevailed upon them to remain until the 15th of the said month, which they did, and took their leave on that memorable evening; but before morning they were sent for, the Exchange, in which was the Post-office, being on fire, as was also a very large district in that part of the city. They returned to the Post-office Department until the office was located in the Rotunda, in the Park. They then, in 1836, embarked in a legitimate brokerage business, which proved very successful, until at last the numerous failures of 1837 caused them to suspend. In the mean while Mr. J. J. CODDINGTON had been appointed postmaster, and tendered the office of assistant postmaster to Mr. TAYLOR, which he accepted, and held during his term, and continued to hold that position under the successive administrations of JOHN L. GRAHAM, ROBERT H. MORRIS, WILLIAM V. BRADY, ISAAC V. FOWLER, and General JOHN A. DIX. In the latter part of 1860 General DIX was called to the cabinet of Mr. BUCHANAN, and Mr. TAYLOR was appointed postmaster to fill the vacancy, in January, 1861, holding the position about one year; at the end of which time he was succeeded by Mr. ABRAM WAKEMAN, who prevailed upon him to remain in the office as his deputy.

Prior to the close of Mr. WAKEMAN's administration Mr. TAYLOR resigned, to enter business with his sons in Pine Street. When General P. H. JONES was appointed postmaster, he called Mr. TAYLOR back to his old position as assistant postmaster, which received the indorsement of the entire business community. He continued to fill this position until the time of his death, to the satisfaction of all who had business at his desk. No officer of the department will be so sadly missed. His genial smile and pleasant words, under the most trying circumstances, ever sent the numerous callers away with the assurance that their case would receive his prompt attention; and it can be safely said that throughout his very long term of office he was never known to give an angry look, or utter an unkind word. Mr. TAYLOR was an honest, hard-working, and faithful public servant; he was kind-hearted and benevolent, and for the poor always had a dollar. Among his subordinates he was almost idolized. He leaves a widow and large family in only moderate circumstances. He died Sunday evening, February 12, 1871, aged seventy-one years and fifteen days.

The funeral took place on Wednesday, February 15, at the church on Washington Square, Rev. Dr. HUTTON's, of which he was a member, which was filled by a great concourse of mourners, including a large delegation of Post-office officials. Rev. Dr. HUTTON officiated, and Rev. THEODORE L. CUYLER assisted, and were listened to with marked attention. His remains were taken to the Marble Cemetery, preparatory to their final interment in Greenwood Cemetery.

FOOD FOR PARIS.

THE relief of the extraordinary distress which now exists in Paris and other cities of France is a duty which humanity imposes upon the rest of Europe and America. It is one which the Germans, perhaps, are not bound to undertake, and could not discharge even if it were incumbent on them. The usages of war prescribe the rendering of certain services to the enemy's wounded, and to the prisoners you have taken from him. But they contain no special precepts applicable to a case like the present, and the magnitude of the need is such that no amount of aid toward meeting it can be regarded as superfluous. It is almost beyond our power to conceive the position of a great capital on the brink of literal starvation. Paris is at this moment an absolute maelstrom in respect of necessary food. It swallows up every thing that comes near it, and yet the gulf yawns as wide as ever. Even when the wants of Paris have been supplied there will remain the enormous distress of the devastated provinces around. The operations of war, which it has been the principal oc-

REVICTUALING OF PARIS—SHIPPING STORES FROM AN ENGLISH PORT.

cupation of many persons to read about for the last six months, have no fertilizing influence. They destroy the existing means of subsistence, and they prevent the cultivators of the soil from making any provision for raising subsistence for next season. For many miles round Paris great armies have been marching and countermarching for weeks together. Even if they had been well disposed toward the peasantry, their movements must have been highly injurious to every sort of agricultural industry, and it may be said without much danger of contradiction that the German troops are not well disposed toward the French peasants.

From this country and England large quantities of supplies have been already sent forward for the relief of the suffering caused by the war. The sketch on page 221 shows the shipment of stores for this purpose at an English port.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SEAL.

Very striking is the resemblance which certain varieties of seals bear to the human form. Their heads, perfectly round and bald, their large bright eyes, full of intelligence and tender feelings, their full beard on both sides of the face, and their broad shoulders give to the upper part of their body a startling likeness, such as, in the foggy atmosphere of the Northern seas, and with a predisposition to see what people expected to see, may very well have led to a sincere conviction that they were human beings. To this must be added their merry, playful disposition, and the peculiar manner in which they hold themselves almost perfectly upright when gamboling in the water. Naturally harmless, and even timid, they have a habit of following the small boats that go on shore, and of observing attentively all that is done; and if the crew remains longer at one and the same place, they become familiar, and fond of their company. They learn to know the people living on the shore near their play-ground, so that, in Corsica, flocks of them follow the fishing-boats, and modestly content themselves with the fish rejected after the nets have been hauled in. There can be little doubt that this intimacy has given rise to an account given by Pliny of a scene daily enacted near the town of Mines, in southern France; and as here truth and fiction meet in striking relation to each other, we insert the words of the great naturalist: "At a certain period of the year a prodigious number of mullets make their way to the sea through the narrow mouth of a swamp called Latera. These fish choose the moment of the incoming tide, which prevents the stretching out of nets and the taking them in vast quantities. By a similar instinct they turn at once toward the open sea, and hasten to escape from the only place in which they are liable to be caught. The inhabitants, who know the period of this migration, and enjoy the pleasure of the sport, assemble on the shore. Spectators and fishermen, all cry aloud, 'Simo! Simo!' Immediately the dolphins know that they are needed. The north wind carries the sound of the voice to them. But whatever it may be, these faithful allies never fail to appear at once. One might imagine it was an army, which instantly takes up its position in the opening where the action is to take place. They close the outlet to the mullets, who take fright, and throw themselves into shallow water. Then the fishermen surround them with their nets. But the mullets, with wonderful agility, leap over them. Now the dolphins fall upon them, and, content for the moment with having killed them, wait to devour them when the victory is assured. The action goes on, and, pressing the enemy closer and closer, the dolphins allow themselves to be imprisoned with the mullets, and, in order not to frighten them into desperate acts, they glide stealthily between the boats, the nets, and the swimming fishermen, so as to leave no passage open. When all are taken, they devour those they have killed. But knowing that they have labored hard enough to deserve more than a single day's wages, they reappear on the morrow, and not only receive as many fish as they desire, but are fed with bread soaked in wine!"

The talents of the seal are manifold, from the agility which he displays in catching fish for his master to the capacity he has shown in learning actually to speak. More than one seal has been taught to utter distinctly the word papa, and several animals of the kind are reported to have gone even beyond, and to have pronounced several words at a time. Nor must their love of music be forgotten, which is so great that they will rise from the water and remain standing nearly upright as long as the instrument is played, to which they listen with unmistakable pleasure. It is not so very long since one of this remarkable race came every day for six weeks from the waters of the Mediterranean, to take her rest under the divan of a custom-house officer in Smyrna. The latter had tamed her, and placed a few rough planks, at the distance of about three feet from the water's edge, under his couch, and on these boards the seal loved to rest for several hours, giving vent to her delight, oddly enough, in a profusion of sighs like those of a suffering man. She ate readily the rice and the bread which were offered her, though she seemed to have some trouble in softening the former sufficiently to swallow it with ease. After an absence of several days the affectionate creature reappeared with a young one under the arm, but a month later she plunged one day, frightened, into the water, and was never seen again.

Nearly about the same time another seal appeared suddenly in the very midst of the port of Constantinople, undisturbed by the number of caïques dashing to and fro, and the noise of a thousand vessels, with their crews and their passengers. One day the boat of the French legation was crossing over to Pera, loaded with wine for the embassador. A drunken sailor was sitting astride on the cask, and singing boisterously, when all of a sudden the seal raised himself out of the water, seized the sailor with his left arm, and threw himself with his prey back into the waves. He reappeared at some distance, still holding the man under his fin, as if wishing to display his agility, and then sank once more, leaving the frightened, sobered sailor to make his way back to the boat. Surely nothing more than one such occurrence was needed to give rise to the many romances of former ages; if the same even had happened in earlier days, the seal would have been a beautiful Nereid, who, having conceived a passion for the hapless sailor, had risen to take him down to her palace under the waves.

CHARLES LAMB.

Charles Lamb possessed, and possessed in a high degree, most of the qualities which distinguished Addison and Montaigne, Cowley and Goldsmith. He had wit, he had humor, he had imagination, he had a good heart. Add to this that he possessed rare powers of observation, a quick eye for the picturesque, sympathies that covered the whole field of thought and feeling; that he had browsed upon our old English authors, essayists, poets, and dramatists—Sir Philip Sidney, Cowley, Donne, and Isaac Walton, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher—till he had made their spirit his own, and had colored with their thoughts every fibre of his own intellect; that he looked at every thing from his own point of view, was free from every thing like artifice and cant, and that, pen in hand, he jotted down his thoughts in the terse, chatty, and suggestive style in which he scribbled a note to Manning, or Coleridge, or Barnard Barton, at the India House, with clerks chatting around him of the price of indigo or the rate of exchange in Calcutta, or talked at his own fireside; and we have *Elia*—the *Elia* of our library shelves, and the Charles Lamb of the Temple.

I have been beating about for a phrase to describe the charm of his style. To say that it is pleasant, genial, chatty—that it sparkles with epigram, is intensely personal, rich in paradox and fancy—is to say nothing. It is all his; and yet, when you have said this, you feel that, after all, you have not hit the exact mark between wind and water. There is a soul in Lamb's writing which you feel, and yet can not describe by any simple expression. Its antique simplicity, its mingled gravity and humor, its fantastic turns of thought and expression, the sweet and benevolent spirit that breathes through every sentence, even the occasional perversity of the train of thought, give the "Essays of *Elia*" a charm which, like the charm of his conversation, every one feels, and no one can hit off in a characteristic phrase. How he set himself in opposition to every principle of political economy and social morality in his chapter on "Beggars!" And yet what a halo of sentiment and fancy he throws around the Blind Tobits of the Strand and Fleet Street. You disagree with his theory; you know that theory to be based on a false and mischievous conception; and yet how that theory fits in with all Lamb's thoughts and sentiments. There *is* that way of looking at beggars, and you feel at once that that is Lamb's way. He takes a side view of beggars, and refuses to trouble himself with "withering theories of population."

Many of Lamb's writings bear marks of the file; and it is notorious that he generally wrote with great labor. His essays on "Books" and on "Poor Relations" are wrought like a piece of tapestry; and yet when we compare even essays like these with the best of his letters—those to Manning, for instance, which are as terse and as rich in thought and whim and fancy as any thing that he wrote for the press, and which we know were written in the main at his desk in Leadenhall Street on invoices and bills of lading—it is not easy to say off-hand how much of this terseness and compression is the result of labor, and how much the consequence of habit. Run through the essay on the "Superannuated Man," and then turn to his letters to Manning and Barton upon his sensations when walking home "forever." The letters are superior (infinitely superior, to my thinking) to the essay, and his fictitious "Life of Liston" falls far below his letters to Manning. But of his habits of composition we know next to nothing; for he kept no diary, and he is curiously reticent in his correspondence with his friends about all his compositions, with the exception of his sonnets, and they generally speak for themselves. But from the hints which he drops here and there in his essays and in his correspondence it is plain that he wrote very slowly, revised and corrected endlessly, and generally preferred to write by candle-light. Extolling the invention of "long sixes," in his whimsical essay on the fallacy "that we should lie down with the lamb," *Elia* says he loves to read, talk, sit silent, eat, drink, sleep by candle-light. "By the midnight taper the writer digests his meditations; by the same light we must approach to their perusal, if we would catch the flame, the odor. It is a mockery all that is reported of the influential Phœbus; no true poem ever owed its birth to the sun's light. They are abstracted works—

'Things that were born when none but the still night
And his dumb candle saw his pinching throes.'

Marry! daylight—daylight might furnish the images, the crude material; but for the fine shapings, the true turning and filing (as mine author hath it), they must be content to hold their inspiration of the candle. The mild internal light that reveals them, like fires on the domestic hearth, goes out in the sunshine. Night and silence call out the starry fancies. Milton's 'Morning Hymn in Paradise,' we would hold a good wager, was penned at midnight, and Taylor's rich description of a sunrise smells decidedly of the taper. Even ourself," Lamb adds, "in these our humbler lucubrations, tune our best-measured cadences (Prose has her cadences) not unfrequently to the charm of the drowsier watchman 'blessing the doors,' or the wild sweep of winds at midnight."

That he wrote slowly we have his own direct acknowledgment in more than one instance. Writing to Southey, for instance, when "John Woodvil" was on hand, Lamb hints his doubt whether it will be ever finished; "for," he says, "I am as slow as a Flemish painter when I compose any thing." When writing blank verse, again, he complains that he is dismally slow and sterile of ideas; and we have more than one hint as to the recasting of his essays. "I write with great difficulty," he says, when at work upon his review of "The Excursion" for the *Quarterly*. "I can scarce command my resolution to sit at writing an hour together." And his sister, in a letter recently brought to light by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, gives us an interesting glimpse of Charles Lamb when at work, I believe, upon this notable review. "Last winter," she says, writing in November, 1814, "my brother being unable to pursue a work he had begun, owing to the kind interruptions of friends who were more at leisure than himself, I persuaded him that he might write at his ease in one of these rooms" (a suit of tenantless garrets which they had discovered by breaking through the panel of their own apartments), "as he could not then hear the door-knock, or hear himself denied to be at home, which was sure to make him call out, and convict the poor maid in a fib. Here, I said, he might be almost really not at home. So I put in an old grate, and made him a fire, in the largest of these garrets, and carried in one table and one chair, and bid him write away, and consider himself as much alone as if he were in some lodging on the midst of Salisbury Plain, or any other wide, unfrequented place, where he could expect few visitors to break in upon his solitude. I left him quite delighted with his new acquisition, but in a few hours he came down again with a sadly dismal face. He could do nothing, he said, with those bare, whitewashed walls before his eyes. He could not write in that dull, unfurnished prison. The next day, before he came home from his office, I had gathered up various bits of old carpeting to cover the floor; and, to a little break the blank look of the bare walls, I hung up a few old prints that used to ornament the kitchen; and after dinner, with great boast of what an improvement I had made, I took Charles once more into his new study. A week of busy labors followed, in which I think you would not have disliked to have been our assistant. My brother and I almost covered the walls with prints, for which purpose he cut out every print from every book in his old library." And there Lamb spent many hours at his desk in the evening.

His manuscript was precise and clerkly, but neither particularly elegant nor fluent. He called it a sort of deputy Grecian's hand, a little better and more of a worldly hand than a Grecian's, but still remote from the mercantile; and Barry Cornwall says Lamb's hands were wanting in pliancy, and therefore never good—neither text nor running-hand. The manuscript of his "Pantomime" in the British Museum is apparently a fair copy. It is as neat and legible as his correspondence. Of his original drafts we know nothing; but if he revised his own compositions in the severe and critical spirit that he dissected Coleridge's poems and Barton's, his manuscript must have been as full of alterations and interlineations as that of any of his contemporaries; and that was an age when few men wrote—as most men do now—*currente calamo*.

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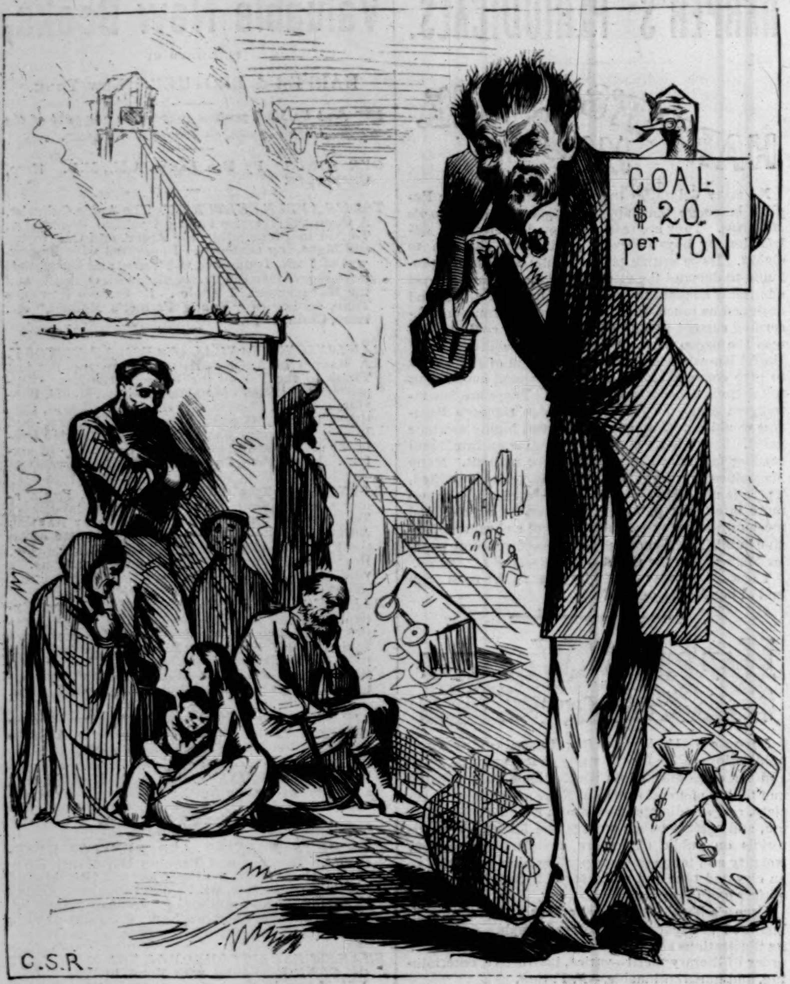

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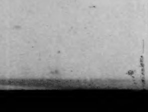

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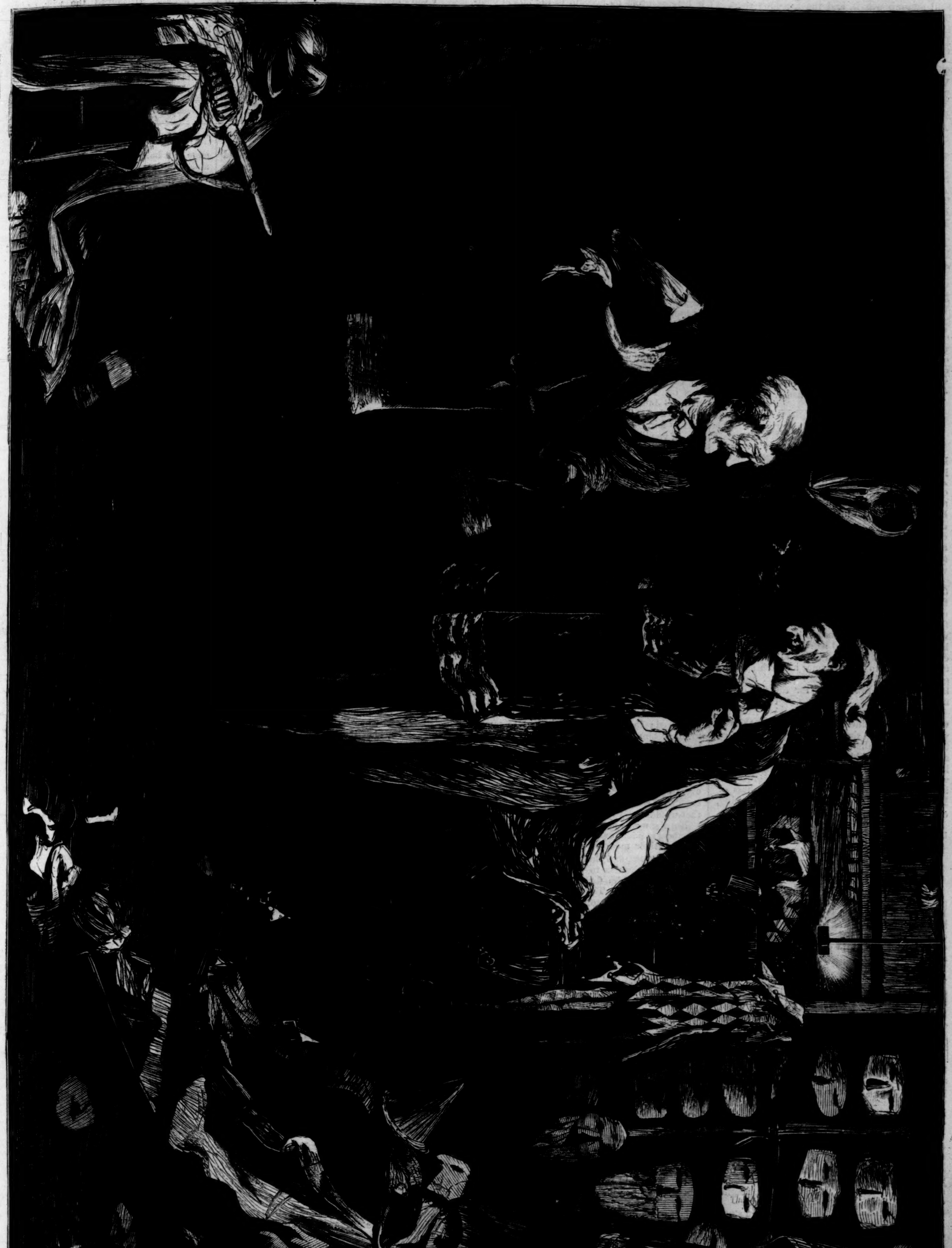


BEFORE THE MASQUERADE—SELECTING A COSTUME.—[See Page 226.]

THE DARK WOOD.

UPON an eve I sat me down and wept,
Because the world to me seemed nowise good;
Still autumn was it, and the meadows slept,
The misty hills dreamed, and the silent wood
Seemed listening to the sorrow of my mood:
I knew not if the earth with me did grieve,
Or if it mocked my grief, that bitter eve.

Then 'twixt my tears a maiden did I see,
Who drew anigh me o'er the leaf-strewn grass,
Then stood and gazed upon me pitifully,
With grief-worn eyes, until my woe did pass
From me to her, and tearless now I was;
And she, 'mid tears, was asking me of one
She long had sought unaided and alone.

Him I knew not of, and she turned away
Into the dark wood; while my own great pain
Still held me there, till dark had slain the day,
And perished at the gray dawn's hand again.
Then from the wood a voice cried, "Ah, in vain,
In vain I seek thee, oh, thou bitter sweet!
In what lone land are set thy longed-for feet?"

Then I looked up, and lo! a man there came
From 'mid the trees, and stood regarding me;
And once again my tears were dried for shame;
But he cried out, "Oh, mourner, where is she
Whom I have sought o'er every land and sea?
I love her, and she loveth me, and still
We meet no more than green hill meeteth hill."

With that he passed on sadly, and I knew
That these had met, and missed, in the dark night,
Blinded by blindness of the world untrue,
That hideth love, and maketh wrong of right.
Then 'mid my pity for their lost delight,
Yet more with barren longing I grew weak;
Yet more I mourned that I had none to seek.

SELECTING A COSTUME.

THE illustration on the first page of our Supplement tells its own story. An *elegant* of the period wishes to appear at the masquerade of the Arion or Liederkranz as the fascinating courtier of CHARLES II., or, it may be, as the representative of the Merry Monarch himself; therefore he visits one of the many stores which the balls of the above-named societies appear to have called into existence, where he is seen trying on a mantle of velvet and gold lace over the more serviceable, if less graceful and costly, dress in which he daily promenades Broadway.

One is naturally led to ponder on the amount of effort necessary to maintain decently, even for a few hours, a character such as ROCHESTER or SEDLEY. From whence produced the playful fancy and the somewhat broad humor with which the court of the second CHARLES is credited? Are these rented as accessories with the costume? Are the gay gibes and flowery conceits returned to the costumer as fresh as when given out, and then are they packed away in lavender and brown paper for the use of the next customer?

Which of the many masks hanging from the wall shall be considered in keeping with the velvet cloak, slashed doublet, and flowing locks of the Whitehall gallant? Will the assumed character be thrown aside as easily as the mask, and left hanging to the wall? With what feeling will the gay CHARLES or ROCHESTER, after flirting with some NELL GWYNNE or Duchess of Portsmouth until four o'clock in the morning, open his ledger or his law-book at ten o'clock?

These and many other questions are suggested by this admirable illustration.

ROGER WILSON'S GHOST.

REUBEN WILSON stood in the doorway of his store long after the last customer had departed. Behind him were displayed, in the glow of two kerosene lamps, rows of bottles too frequently in demand, boxes of tea, piles of dry-goods, and other innumerable and diversified belongings of a country grocery.

Before him was stretched the beautiful bay, which juts in from the Sound, and gives to Port Jefferson its chief glory, and world-wide celebrity as a boat-building locality.

From this place the yacht *Wanderer* went off on her wild cruise, and here are to be found the bravest, hardiest, and roughest men that Long Island can produce.

It was a cold, clear night, late in the year, and the masts of many vessels stood out in bold relief against the steel-gray back-ground, looking like phantom ships; while the plash, plash of the waves on the shore sounded distinct and solemn in the else unbroken silence of the night. The winter had been an unusually mild one; there was no hint of snow in the air, and vessels were continually arriving and departing, and keeping up their intercourse with the outside world. The lights that had glimmered here and there from numberless windows went out one by one, like stars in a lower firmament, and darkness settled down upon the sleeping village.

Reuben appeared as if in a dream; and standing there in the doorway, his arms rigidly locked on his breast, his crisp locks forming an ebony crown around his brows, he seemed like another Theseus awaiting his commission from the gods. At times his eyes were fixed upon the bay, shining clear and unruffled in the starlight, and again his gaze would wander to a cottage nestling against the opposite hill-side, where Janet Barnaby had lived and labored for these many years.

But Reuben is conscious that he has been standing, statue-like, for about an hour in the frosty air; and so he finishes putting up the shutters, blows out the lights, puts a few wet ashes on the fire, and turns in to his bunk of a bedroom. That bedroom would have made you smile. It was a receptacle for all the odds and ends that are apt to collect themselves together in the transactions of trade, and were particularly heterogeneous on account of the mixed character of the stock that usually supplies a country grocery. There were old boxes thrown up in one corner, unsalable rat-traps, boat-hooks, and grappling-irons in another; while bits of sail-cloth, tarred ropes, and tarpaulin were scattered over the floor without any regard to order or picturesque effect.

Just behind the door was Reuben's bed—a long, narrow chest, which had done service as a sailor's kit, and had been consigned to Reuben in part payment of a long-standing debt. It was a very convenient affair, differing from the usual style of sleeping accommodations in that it was taken to pieces every morning, and put in shape again at bedtime. It was but little trouble to open the lid, and take from the capacious hold the small mattress, pillow, and bed-clothes that were stored therein; and on this hard couch Reuben Wilson passed into Sunday through the Straits of Dreamland.

He had been thinking of Roger all day, his brother Roger, whose slight request he had refused, and so made himself miserable for life; and as he lapsed into sleep it all came up before him, and he could almost hear Roger's voice urging him, as he had done that distant but never-to-be-forgotten day,

"Come, Reuben, we must take this yacht over to Bridgeport; it is promised this week."

"I say I won't. It's no fit weather to go, any way, and to-morrow 'll do just as well."

"To-morrow won't do as well for me, Reuben, for I have leave to go with Janet to West Meadows on Thursday. Tuthill says he can spare me, and Janet needs a holiday."

"So do I. Tuthill favors you and Janet more than is fair. I swear I won't go to-day to please any of you!"

"Well, then, I must go alone, I suppose."

It was not a great undertaking, to be sure, Bridgeport lying directly opposite; and Roger could return in the packet, which would make her semi-weekly trip to Port Jefferson the next day.

Reuben was not often in the sulks; and, perhaps, if Roger had not mentioned Janet's name, there would have been no controversy whatever. But Reuben was jealous of his brother, and the temptation was too great for him to resist using his influence against their anticipated pleasure.

So Roger went across the Sound alone. He was not so good a sailor as his brother Reuben, though full as honest and reliable; and, having the work to do, set about doing it at once with unflinching determination. But days passed, and he did not return. The yacht drifted back into the harbor bottom-side up; and after the first excitement occasioned by his disappearance had subsided, Roger Wilson slipped out of his place among his comrades as if a whirlwind had seized him. Late in the night and early in the dawn Reuben Wilson watched and waited for the return of his brother—the brother he had murdered; for was it not equivalent to murder to allow him to cross the Sound alone in a toy-boat? He might just as well have gone with him as not, and would have done so but for that devilish feeling at his heart that prompted him to do Satan's own work. Out to the bar every chance he got, searching in every hole and corner for some vestige of the lost one, any thing that would do away with this dread uncertainty.

But there was nothing. The waves went singing their requiem over the departed, dancing and flashing their mocking radiance in the face of every mourner, and they brought no message of hope or forgiveness to Reuben Wilson. Janet came often to him for consolation, but he had none to give her. The sight of the girl almost crazed him, and he wondered that she didn't die then and there. He could weep over her grave, and plant roses and evergreens around it, but it was no relief to his agony to see her moving about like a half-dead woman. And she always wanted to talk about Roger when she saw him, and would come down to the shore where she knew she would find him, and motion him to sit down beside her on a bit of mast, and then go over all the scenes in which she and Roger had participated.

She had the bluest eyes out of heaven, had Janet Barnaby, and the sweetest smile that ever rippled over mortal cheek; and when she rested her head on her hand, and gazed away and away where the sky leaned down to kiss the sea, one could almost fancy that the harbor's mouth was one of the celestial gateways through which her spirit passed to hold converse with angelic ones.

And she always talked of Roger as if she could see him standing there at the entrance of the bay, and had frequently asked Reuben if those we loved and lost so strangely never came to tell us they were dead.

Reuben would sometimes shut his ears, so as not to hear her go on in this terrible way; it half crazed him, and he didn't know what he might be tempted to do.

But Janet had other sorrows to meet, in the death of her father and mother, and for a while forgot to disturb the ashes under which was burning the memory of her lost love. She went out to service in Captain Tuthill's family; and as there were young people in the house, and fun and frolic going on continually, she soon recovered her spirits, and was as young and gay as any one.

Reuben had lost his taste for ship-building. There was not excitement enough about it; and so he opened a store, and found plenty of customers among the sea-faring men who frequented the place, or were resident there.

Five years had passed since Roger went out of the bay into eternity—five long years!

Reuben had never married, for he would marry no one but Janet, and Janet declared she wouldn't have him; and so he waited year after year, hoping to overcome her prejudices.

"I can't marry, Reuben—I don't feel free to do so. How would we feel if Roger should ever come back?"

"Roger wasn't the sort of man to stay away five years, and then come back. Do be reasonable, Janet; Roger would much rather see you my wife than the wife of a stranger."

"I don't know about that," said Janet, shaking her head rather incredulously; "I'm not so certain."

"Roger knew you were jealous of him; and so it's all useless, Reuben—I can't, and I won't;" and with that she went back to the knife-scouring which Reuben's case had interrupted.

"How queer some women are!" soliloquized Reuben, sauntering home by the shore road. "Captain Many's widow married before the year was out; and Selina Brewster, who went into fits when she heard of the loss of the *White Squall*, went off on the next trip of the *Mary J. Hulse* as Captain Ed's wife; and what a talk was made of it! But here's that Janet, who, because she has'nt seen the grave dug and the tombstone set up, feels herself just as much a married woman as Captain Beebe's wife, and more, perhaps, for they do say some hard things about the captain." But neither Reuben's entreaties nor the solicitations of half the marriageable men in Port, changed the resolution of Janet Barnaby.

"If Roger was dead I should know it," was what she said confidently to herself, and what kept hope alive in her heart, when it had died out in every one else's.

Through all these experiences did Reuben Wilson travel in his excursion through dreamland, and very restless and uneasy were his slumbers in consequence. It seemed to him as if all the graves in the place were opened, and their fleshless occupants had taken advantage of the opportunity to torment him. They danced inside the chest on which he was lying; they took possession of his property; and every red herring and tenpenny nail, every cork-screw, gimlet, and cheese-knife—in fact, even the empty baskets and bits of sail cloth—seemed to be animate with life, and came to whisper in his ear, with mockings and menaces unendurable.

And he was so powerless to resist them! He, with the muscles of a Titan, to match against their puny strength! But, try as he would, he could never succeed in dispelling them; they eluded his grasp, and sat grinning at him as if they enjoyed his discomfiture.

And then they all resolved themselves into one shape—a tall gigantic form, whose breath exhausted all the air in the room; and Reuben thought he gasped for breath, and looked up beseechingly, only to encounter the face of his brother Roger.

He wanted to shriek, but something held him by the throat; and he could only look in those eyes which held his own by a cruel power; and, looking thus intently and longingly, he was conscious that the figure became more and more indistinct, and when he was able to articulate—"Roger!"—which he did with all the intensity of feeling he could command—it disappeared altogether, and Reuben was alone. The first gleam of the morning sun was working its way through a chink in the shutters; the room was in the same disorderly condition, to which he had been so long accustomed that any change therein would have been at once unhomelike and unwelcome. He was glad to be awake—glad to escape from the horrid net-work of dreams into the security and peace afforded by the daylight. After the reaction from the perturbation of the night, when he had prepared and eaten his breakfast of salt mackerel, and cleared out his store, he began to feel in better humor than he had been for some time.

He whistled and sang, and waited cheerfully on the few customers who strolled in during the morning; for the schooner *James L. Bogert* had come in during the night, or rather in the early dawn, and the crew were anxious to stretch their legs, and enjoy a stroll on shore and in the company of their old companions. At nine o'clock Reuben put up the shutters, for it was Sunday, and he had been invited to dine with some friends, where Janet was expected to spend the evening. He was sure of Janet now, and he wanted dreadfully to go round by Captain Tuthill's and tell her what he had seen in the night. It would convince her—he was sure it would; but perhaps it would be as well to wait until evening, when he could see her alone, and where her agitation would not be remarked. So he strolled along the upper road, instead of going by the beach, and amused himself selecting a location for the house he would build when Janet gave her consent to be his wife.

"Reuben is like his old self," said John Morgan to his wife, by whose fireside, later in the day, Reuben was cracking his jokes and drinking cider. "I don't know when I've seen him so chipper."

"Not since my time," said Maria Morgan, she who was Maria Beardsley—"not since my time, I reckon; for we girls used to call him old porcupine ever so long ago."

"Well, but he didn't used to be hedgehoggy at all. It all came of Roger's disappearing so suddenly, and him feeling as if he'd sent him to judgment; though it's all nonsense. There wasn't a blow struck, 'cept what goes with a hasty word; and if Roger would and Reuben wouldn't, I don't see as either's to blame."

"Well, Roger was more to my fancy," said Maria, from the corner of the milk-room, where she was setting away the clean dishes, "though I don't know that I'd be such a ninny as Janet Barnaby. A home of your own is better than any body else's house, and a husband above ground is enough sight better than a lover in the bottom of the sea."

"Well, Janet is—" began the less philosophical husband.

"Janet!" exclaimed the wife, seeing that young woman standing in the doorway.

"That's a fact!" said John Morgan, but whether in response to his wife's remark or his own conclusion it might be difficult to determine.

Reuben thought he would wait to see Janet alone; he would go over home with her, and that would be a good opportunity. But Janet appeared so bright and smiling, so much more gracious in manner than she had been of late, that his impatience overcame him, and he decided to make his ghost-story part of the evening's entertainment.

He was more inclined thereto by the knowledge that both John and Maria favored his suit, and might possibly influence Janet more than he would be able to do unaided.

They sat around the stove, the two women on one side, the two men on the other, sometimes having duets of chat, and occasionally uniting in an uproarious quartette. And how the smiles did chase over Janet's face! and how bright her eyes shone! It did one's eyes good just to look at her.

"Now we'll have a ghost-story," said John Morgan, "just by way of variety. Reuben, you're up head; you take the lead."

"Well, I will," said Reuben, promptly, only too glad of this easy way of introducing his night adventure.

"I saw a ghost last night."

"Last night!" exclaimed John; "that's too new. Give us one that's a little further off, or I shall fancy he hasn't found his right resting-place yet."

"Oh no; we'd rather have a fresh one," said Maria; "wouldn't we, Janet?" to which Janet acceded; and as there were two against one, and the women in the majority, Reuben began his ghost-story.

"Roger is surely dead," said Reuben, as he finished the recital.

"Certain sure," said John Morgan.

"I never doubted it," said Maria. "I think Reuben has made himself needlessly unhappy."

Only Janet was silent.

"If any body has suffered, that man is Reuben Wilson; and I think it's high time he had his reward."

Reuben looked over at Janet, but her eyes were on her lap, and for the first time he noticed she wore a ring on the third finger of her left hand.

"What did it mean?"

"Janet, why don't you speak?" asked Maria Morgan, coming back from her mental examination of the subject. "Don't Reuben's dream convince you that Roger went into eternity five years ago?"

"No, it don't," replied Janet. "I saw Roger myself last night, or, rather, early this morning," she added, hesitatingly.

"Saw Roger yourself, Janet!" exclaimed Reuben, springing from his chair, and seizing her furiously by the arm—"saw Roger yourself! and won't believe it, when you declared it only needed this to convince you?"

"I said—let go of my arm, Reuben!—I said if Roger was dead, I should know it; I have always said so, and I say it now."

"But if his ghost appeared to you, as it did to me—"

Before Janet could answer there was a loud knock at the door—an imperative knock, that startled John and Maria Morgan, and made Reuben's knees strike together.

Only Janet was calm, and she opened the door. It was a tall, athletic fellow, wrapped in a heavy grayish shawl, and his eyes shaded with a broad-brimmed hat, who stood on the threshold awaiting an invitation to enter.

"Come in," said Janet, taking upon herself the rites of hospitality the others felt incapable of offering—"come in; this is a wintry night, and no one can refuse you a seat by the fire;" and she sat him a chair close by her own.

"Reuben," she went on, as if there had been no interruption in their talk, "I didn't say I saw a ghost last night, but I saw Roger Wilson—and this is he!" and she hid her head upon his shoulder.

"Roger!" gasped Reuben, "my brother!" and laying his head upon the table beside him, he wept out his joy, his grief, his disappointment.

Roger was the first to speak, and break the silence that was becoming really painful.

"I am very sorry you blamed yourself so much, Reuben. It was all my own fault; and had I died, my ghost would never have come to accuse you of murder. But I was picked up and taken to the West Indies, being too far gone to tell any thing about myself for several weeks. When I got well I saw a chance to make something; and I hadn't the courage to come back to Port Jefferson without a cent in my pocket, and no strength in my back. So I went to California, and picked up considerable, and then made up my mind to see after Janet. I know I might have written; but I am no hand at talking on paper, and the only way to be happy was to keep Janet out of my mind."

"Yes," said Maria Morgan, giving vent to her growing indignation, "that's just the way with you men! If I was Janet, I'd send you back to Halifax, to pay you for the five years of misery I'd spent on your account."

"Hush, Maria," expostulated the milder John.

"Hush? It's no time to hush. A woman may as well speak her mind; and I do say that Reuben Wilson deserves Janet far more than does Roger."

"That may be," said Janet, blushing and smiling; "but I forgave Roger, and—we were married this morning."

"Married! Whew!" exclaimed John Morgan, nearly upsetting the table in his astonishment.

"Married, indeed?" said the practical Maria; "then that ends the business. Reuben, the milk is spilled, sure; and I'm glad of it, for now maybe you can see that there's somebody else in Port Jefferson quite as good as Janet Barnaby—Wilson, I mean. Come, then; as our ghost turns out to be real flesh and blood, we may as well make merry at his expense. John, take the pitcher down cellar for more cider, while I fill up this dish of dough-nuts. Janet, I am just as glad as I can be; and if I don't show it, it's because Reuben takes all the life out of my joy."

"Reuben," said Janet, going over to where he sat, still lost in thought, "there will always be a warm corner in my heart for you. God has given Roger back to us; is it in your heart to wish him dead?"

"No!" said Reuben, springing up and driving away the demons that had taken possession of him—"no, by the mother that bore us! Roger, forgive me; I'm a brute. It comes hard, but I'll get over it." And, with his great strong arms around his brother, he pledged himself anew to love and loyalty.

There was so much to tell, and all were so eager to listen, that it was almost morning before any one thought of saying good-night, or had heard the farewell of the midnight spirit as he went over the hills into the grave-yard where our yesterdays are buried.

Roger took Janet back with him to California, and in the course of a year or two Reuben sold out the stock and fixtures of his store, and with his wife— Oh, I forgot to say that before the next winter he had found a wife, in every way better suited to him than Janet Barnaby! And finding that fortunes were not to be made in Port Jefferson, they sailed out of the little harbor, and made for themselves a new home in the distant El Dorado.

No ghosts came to trouble Reuben Wilson, and he and Roger are fast making their way in the world, uniting their efforts in every praiseworthy enterprise, and realizing every day that the ghosts of remorse and jealousy are the only skeletons that have power to make us miserable.

MARVELS OF THE DEEP.

Among South American Indians tales of mermen are a favorite subject, though here and there these marine monsters are dreaded with instinctive abhorrence. Moravian missionaries have sent home strange reports of these superstitions, and yet found themselves unable, in their desire to honor the truth and to avoid misstatements, to deny positively all ground for these traditions. For not only the natives, but the ministers and agents of the pious Brethren themselves, firmly believe that they had met with men and women who lived in the water. They furnished statements, apparently made in full earnest and godly sincerity, that they had actually seen brownish beings with human faces and long hair rise suddenly from the water, and that the urgent intercession of the Indians alone had kept them from killing the supernatural beings. The natives looked upon them with superstitious awe, and insisted upon it that to kill one of them would be simply to bring calamities upon their settlement and the whole race. It must be presumed that we meet here with stray members of those aquatic tribes of Indians who live actually more in the water than on land. Martius and other travelers, down to our day, tell us that the Indians who dwell near the upper branches of the Paraguay, the Maranhao, and other large rivers, remain for hours and hours in the water, and are such expert swimmers that they defy the most powerful current, and dive like water-fowl. A small bundle of leaf-stalks taken from the Buriti palm-tree is all they use ordinarily for their support; at all other times they seize an oar, hold it between their feet, and use it as a rudder to steer with, and thus swim, holding their weapons in their muscular arms; or they leap with incredible agility upon a tree floating along on the swollen stream, sit down on it astride, and thus cross in a few minutes the most rapid current. No cayman or aquatic animal is safe from them, and they fight and defeat the huge capyvara, and the largest serpent, with great courage. They fear literally nothing except the Minhoças, a fabulous creature which is said to live in the rivers and still waters of Equatorial Brazil, and which naturalists believe to be either a giant eel endowed with powerful teeth, or perhaps a large variety of the famous gymnotus, with its galvanic battery. These Canoeiros, as the Water-Indians are called, are true Ishmaelites; they are at war with all the other tribes, and are therefore hunted down like wild beasts. They have no home and no country of their own, and hence they may very well have given rise to the fabulous reports of mermen still rife among the credulous Indians of that continent.

In Germany, where folk-lore abounds, and superstition still has its strong hold on the minds of the masses, grewsome stories are told in the long winter nights of the Nixen, who dwell in the waters near the coast, in crystal-clear rivers, under the dark shadow of ancient trees, and in bright bubbling wells in half-hidden glens. They are the sirens of the sunny South; and even here the ancient curse seems to follow the ill-fated race; for here, also, they are condemned to expiate some great and grievous sin committed by their forefathers, and to suffer long and miserably. As the whole creation groaneth, however, these sorrowful beings also yearn to be released, and of this longing many a touching tale is told in German legends. Thus one of them tells us that the children of a Protestant minister were once playing on the banks of a river, when they saw a Nix rise from the water, who, thinking himself unobserved, began to sing and play on a strange but ineffably sweet instrument. With the cruelty common to children, they at once rushed upon him and reproached him for his merriment, adding that as he was nothing but a condemned sinner, he had much better weep over his eternal wretchedness. The poor water-sprite, taken by surprise, and distressed beyond measure, broke into tears; and the youthful tyrants, delighted with their success, went home to tell their father what had happened. But they were badly received here, and told that they had acted very wrongly, and must return at once and comfort the poor being whom they had so grievously afflicted. They ran back, and as soon as they saw the Nix they cried out to him not to weep any longer, since their father had said that the Lord had died even for him, and he also might hope to be forgiven hereafter. Thereupon the poor Nix dried his tears, recovered his cheerfulness, and played with them all day long.

Holland, with its wondrous bulwarks, and its life-long conflict with the sea, abounds naturally in stories of every kind, in which merman and mermaids play a prominent part. Sometimes they meet the intrepid sailor out on the high sea, and sing of his joyous return, or warn him of his approaching end; at other times they come on shore, make themselves useful in a thousand ways, and vanish only when they are ill-treated or laughed at. There is hardly a town on the sea-coast which has not its own legend of this kind; but generally the men are less interesting than the maidens, since the latter are prophets, and play a prominent part in the sad history of that country. Such was the mermaid that once frequented the waters near Zevenbergen, a fortified town, with massive walls and lofty towers, in which dwelt thousands of opulent citizens, with their wives and children. But the people were as wicked as they were rich, and professed to believe neither in heaven nor hell. One fine day the siren appeared in company with a sister mermaid, and with solemn, tearful voice both began to sing:

> Zevenbergen must perish,
> And the tower of Lobbekens alone shall remain.

In spite of this warning the inhabitants continued their riotous living and sinful profanity. In a dark November night of the same year a fearful tempest arose; the wind blew from the north-west, and with such terrific force that the dikes gave way under the overwhelming pressure of the waters, and the Saint Elizabeth, as the inundation was called, overwhelmed not less than seventy towns and villages. Among these was the unfortunate town of Zevenbergen; and so thorough was its destruction in the deep waters that when the morning broke, and people came from a distance in boats, they saw far beneath them the ruins of houses, and nothing standing but the one lofty tower of Lobbekens. Thus the prophecy of the mermaid had become true. Fortunately man has triumphed over the evil prophet and the element alike. By an immense outlay of capital, and the incessant labor of long years, the whole vast region has been once more laid dry; and from the midst of polders, or diked meadows of surpassing fertility, there rises now a new town of Zevenbergen, richer and wiser than the doomed village of former days.

Holland is also the land which has originated the very peculiar faith in legends of sea-knights and sea-bishops, some of whom were captured from time to time, and exhibited in the large cities. They were found afterward in all the Northern seas, and the works of those ages, down to the latter part of the sixteenth century, contain generally one or two so-called faithful likenesses of these very curious monsters of the deep. In 1305 already a sea-knight was caught out in the open sea to the north of Dockum, and carried from town to town. His fair appearance, and especially the complete suit of armor which he wore, excited universal admiration; but he died, unfortunately, in the third week, at Dockum.

A work of great scientific merit, published as late as 1534, contains an engraving representing a sea-monk, whom the author, Rondelet, heard of in Norway, where it had been taken after a fearful tempest. It has the face of a man, but rough and repulsive, a bald, smooth head, with the cowl of a monk hanging over the shoulders, two long fins instead of arms, and a body ending in a huge double-fluked tail. Other monks of the same kind appear in similar works, sometimes wearing a bishop's habit and mitre; and one is reported to have been sent, in 1433, from the Baltic, where he was captured, to the King of Poland. The poor creature, however, refused steadfastly to utter a sound, or to take any food; the king, moved with compassion, ordered him to be carried back to the sea; and the monster no sooner saw his own element than he gave signs of exuberant joy, leaped into the water, and was never seen again. It may be added that the Protestants made great capital out of these marine dignitaries of the Church, and hence gave rise to the suspicion that the whole race of sea-monks and sea-bishops was artistically produced as a quaint revenge which the Reformation took on the persecuting Church of Rome.

The explanation is perhaps only an after-thought; but as the proverb has it that there is no smoke without fire, so here also these countless and persistent traditions contain their grain of truth, which has been only half hid in a bushel of falsehoods. The fact is, that these fables could never have been invented, much less authenticated, even after the imperfect manner of early ages, if there were not certain animals living in the great deep which possess sufficient likeness to the human form to deceive careless and superstitious observers. If there are no real tritons and sirens to be met with in our waters, such as we see in ancient sculptures, or on the coats of arms of noble families, there are at least seals and walrus, sea-lions and sea-cows, and similar monsters, whose faces and gestures, as seen on the surface of the waters, recall forcibly the features and movements of men. Unscrupulous cheats have occasionally taken great pains to manufacture actual sirens, and their remains are to this day carefully preserved in many a museum of European cities, like the-well known sirens of Leyden and Hague. Nor is our own time exempt from these attempts to profit by the credulity of men. At the beginning of this century a crafty fisherman on the coast of India skillfully joined the body of an ape to the lower part of a large fish, and dressed up the whole affair so cleverly that even experienced men were taken in, and bestowed much time and long research upon the extraordinary being. As the inventor attributed, moreover, healing powers to the touch of the siren, he was soon overrun, and could, after a short time, retire upon a competency. A European charlatan purchased the marine monster at a high price, and exhibited it in England and on the Continent. He met with great success for a time; then he and his siren were forgotten, only, however, to revive more brilliantly than ever in the hands of the master of his art, the great Barnum. Another siren was, a couple of years ago, the marvel of the rural population all over England; nor was it, in this case, a mere mummy that was shown, but a living mermaid, not unattractive in appearance, who discreetly plunged her fish-tail into the waters of a huge basin, and held the classic mirror and comb in her hands. At last public sympathy was aroused by some benevolent Quakers; an investigation was ordered by the authorities, and it was found that the poor woman had been forced for years to spend her days in the water, with an imitation fish-skin sewed on to her body.

ANECDOTE OF THE CZAR ALEXANDER II.

An interesting work has lately been published at Leipzic by an old exile of Siberia. It contains a thrilling narrative of a most memorable event in the history of Russia and of modern Europe—the military conspiracy at the death of Alexander I. and the accession of Nicholas. A notice of the work was given in the last *Edinburgh Review* under the title of "Memoirs of a Russian Dekabrist." The name is derived from Dekaber, the Russian word for December, and denotes those engaged in the conspiracy which in that month agitated St. Petersburg to secure the throne for Constantine, the elder brother of Nicholas. When the news spread of the death of Alexander the troops were called out, formed, and ordered to hail Constantine as Emperor. It was known to Nicholas that the late Czar had by will nominated him as successor, and that Constantine had by anticipation renounced the claim. Had this been made known, there would have been no room for the conspiracy, and no need for violent suppression of the insurrection. The leaders of the troops engaged in the revolt were killed or banished to Siberia, from which a few, after long years of dreary exile, were permitted to return. One of them, Baron Rosen, is the author of these personal recollections. The following passage is worthy of being quoted, as giving a sketch of the present Czar in his young days.

Early in 1837 a report spread that the Cesarewitch, now the Emperor Alexander II., would pass through Kurgan in the course of a tour he was making in Siberia, and in April every thing was prepared for his reception:

When the news arrived that the Prince was already in Tobolsk, that he would only visit the western zone of Siberia, passing through Kurgan to Orenburg on the 6th of June, my anxiety became extreme. For myself I had nothing to ask, but I had to think of the future of my poor children and my faithful wife, the more so as the decline of my own strength, consequent on an accident, led me to fear they might soon be left without a protector. Three days before the arrival of the Prince I drove round to my friends, and told them that I had made up my mind to beg an audience, and personally to entreat his imperial Highness to befriend my family, if I should fail them. I should not have forgiven myself had I neglected such an opportunity of endeavoring to alleviate their future condition in life.

It was midnight before the Prince arrived; but an enterprising speculator had laid in an abundant supply of lights, on the chance of the entry occurring at night. The people were all on foot, and illuminated the road. At length a courier dashed into the village, and shortly afterward the Prince reached the house of the chief magistrate, where he was to sleep. There was no time to be lost, for he was to proceed on his journey at six the next morning. At four I drove to the house, and dragged myself on my crutches, through a crowd of people, to the door. Here I was informed that the adjutant of the Governor-General had given the most peremptory orders that none of the political convicts were to have access to the Prince. I observed that I doubted whether any such order could have been given without notice to us; but on applying to an officer on the staff of the Prince, I was informed that although my request for an audience could not be granted, he would receive a petition and lay it before his imperial Highness.

Just at this moment a dignified-looking man in a cloak came up to me, and said, "You are doubtless Baron Rosen. My friend Krutow solemnly charged me, if I passed through Kurgan, to see you and do what I could for you. Come into my room; I am Jenochin, the Prince's body-surgeon." In a moment I found myself skillfully stripped. Jenochin examined my limb, and pronounced it to be no more than a bad sprain, which had been aggravated and made permanent by the blundering treatment of the local doctor. After his inspection I saw the Prince's adjutant, Kamelin, who advised me instantly to prepare a petition or memorial.

At the door of my house stood a carriage, and on my asking who had come in it, I found to my inexpressible joy that the gallant and accomplished Wassily Andrijewitsch Shukowsky, well known as a poet, and the tutor of the Prince, had come to call on me. When I told him my story and my disappointment he replied: "You have no time now to write a memorial; we are just starting; but never fear, I will relate every thing to the Prince. I have been with him day by day for thirteen years, and you may rely upon it his heart is in the right place; when he can do a good action, he does it willingly." Our conversation was necessarily short. The poet was gratified to find that even in Siberia we had read and admired his last work, "Undine," and he said the Prince had been surprised by the flourishing aspect of Siberia, the more so as he had been received as loyally by the exiles of Tjumen and Tobolsk as he would have been at Rybinsk or Jaroslaw, in the heart of Russia.

While Shukowsky was at my house the church-bell was ringing for the early service. The Cesarewitch had told the staff-officer of gendarmerie to take measures that "these gentlemen" (by whom he meant the political delinquents) should be in the church. "There only," said he, "can I see them." The instructions from St. Petersburg had not provided against *that* contingency. The head of the police immediately sent word to tell us to assemble in the church. The Prince, with his whole suit, stood before the high altar; on the right, along the wall, stood my comrades; on the left, Princess Naryschkin (who with her husband was in Kurgan); the employés and people stood back along the side altars, but the mass of the populace were in the street, looking at the carriages. During the service the Prince looked round several times at my companions in misfortune, with tears in his eyes. I was unable to reach the church in time, and as I came out of my house, with my children, a loud hurrah announced the departure of the Cesarewitch, the only stranger whose presence could throw a beam of hope and joy over our place of banishment. The people shouted at having seen their future ruler; some of the old women, awe-struck at the sight, crossed themselves, saying, "God be praised that we are still alive!"

These hopes were not disappointed. From the very next halting-place the Prince dispatched a letter to his father, soliciting relief for the prisoners. The Emperor Nicholas replied that for "these gentlemen" the road back to Russia lay *over the Caucasus*, and immediately ordered that they should be enrolled as common soldiers in the army serving against the Circassians.

THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

It is probable that the calm, astute, and slightly cruel leader of the German operations had expected civil war in Paris; but it is certain, from a paper of his own in the German military journal, that this aid failing, he was aware of the terrible task he had undertaken. With an army at first not 200,000 strong—for at first Metz was untaken, and the communications were fully defended—he had to invest a city with a radius of thirty-two miles, protect the investors from an army in the centre numbering 300,000 men, and defend his intrenchments from the attacks of all France. Those attacks were most dangerous. Roused by the genius of the Parisian representative, Leon Gambetta, a Frenchman of Genoese parents, best described as "The Marseillaise" incarnate, France, waking from the stupor which followed Sedan, sent army after army into the field. For men, all Frenchmen were ready; and by lavish expenditure in America, in England, and in France itself, rifles, cannon, and equipments were hastily got together. From the west a large army twice approached the city. From the north a good army advanced three times. From the southwest an army better than either advanced within fifty miles of the besiegers' lines. Still neither the besieging army nor its chief ever relaxed their grip. As each army approached, Von Moltke met it, now by the daring expedient of sending out reinforcements till his thin line round the city grew imperceptible; now, when Metz had fallen, by directing its besiegers against relieving armies; and again, even after Metz, by suddenly lifting an entire *corps d'armée* from before Paris, and dispatching it to the north. The risk was often frightful. Thrice during the siege the garrison might have crushed their foes; twice a half-successful sortie might have succeeded; once—after D'Aurelle's first advance through Coulmiers—orders were given to raise the siege. And still the line, strong or thin, held on, and still the calm man of seventy rayed out or brought up the necessary force, and adhered to his great design. During all that terrible time, though he was three hundred miles from his base, the supply of munitions never failed, the troops were never left unfed, the force necessary to defeat an attack was never absent from the threatened point. Disease threatened the camp. Nostalgia broke out in the army with a fury which at one time menaced discipline. A deep despondency, a despondency as dangerous as fear, settled for three weeks upon the besieging army. And still General Von Moltke, true representative of German soldiership, fought on unmoved, or seemingly unmoved, working out his "great problem," as if his men had been chess-men, and he the prince of players. Never was there such a triumph of scientifically organized force over the patriotic virtues, never in history was such a feat of war accomplished. General Von Moltke, after a siege of four months, captured the greatest capital of the Continent, inhabited by two millions of people, defended by three hundred thousand drilled and two hundred thousand partially drilled men, in the teeth of the efforts of half a million of volunteers, well armed and fairly equipped, to bring the city relief. Never before has a capital proved such a fortress. Never before has a besieging army performed a task so completely above its strength.

BANKS OF THE AMAZON.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE RIVER AMAZON.

By JACOB ABBOTT.

The Basin of the Amazon.—The extraordinary Rainfall.—Luxuriant Vegetation.—The Animals found there.—The Jaguar, or American Tiger.—The Ai.—How the River Channels are formed.—The *Bore*, or great Tidal Wave.

THE River Amazon is one of the wonders of the world; not only on account of the vastness of the *basin*, as we call it, from which its various branches draw their supplies, but more especially on account of the extraordinary physical phenomena which characterize the region over which it seems to reign supreme,—a region in which nature has been thus far powerful enough to defend itself almost completely from the invasion of man.

We call the region the basin of the Amazon, and it is a basin—that is, a depression—if we consider it in relation to the *level of gravitation*. But it is very far from being a depression considered in relation to a mathematical plane. Indeed, if a straight line were drawn from the source of the river to its mouth, to mark a mathematical level, we should find that the bed of the river, in the middle of its course, would be more than a *hundred and fifty miles* above the kind of level which this line would determine.

This circumstance, though it at first strikes us with some surprise, if we have been accustomed to consider that the basin of a great river is, *geometrically* as well as geographically, a hollow, is, after all, nothing extraordinary, as every one knows that the middle of every level canal, long or short, is geometrically higher than the extremes, though in relation to gravitation the surface of the water lies level. The real wonders of the valley of the Amazon consist in the phenomena connected with vegetable and animal life. It is a region in which material force, as wielded by the untrammeled powers of nature, has thus far proved itself too strong to be brought under control by the intelligence of man.

The elements on which the principles of vegetation and animal life depend, and on the abundance of which they thrive, are sunlight, warmth, and rain—not merely water, but rain; for rain brings with it in solution a vast amount of fertilizing material, which it absorbs from the air.

Now the basin of the Amazon, and especially certain portions of it, form, more perhaps than any other region on the globe, the great centre and home of solar radiance and of rain. The basin lies in the very heart of the torrid zone; and while the rain which falls in Europe comes usually within the limits of fifteen and thirty inches a year, there are habitable places in the valley of the Amazon where an amount equal to *ten times* the European quantity has been collected and measured. How much greater the amount is in places where no philosophical observers are at hand to watch their pluviameters, and record the results for a year, no one can tell. We know, however, that in these regions there is a perpetual succession of hot sunshine and of

THE JAGUAR FISHING.

THE JAGUAR MEETS HIS MATCH.

AN OLD CHANNEL FILLING UP.

LAKE FORMED IN AN OLD CHANNEL.

pouring rains, and that vegetation and wild forms of animal life multiply and thrive to such an extent that man finds the task of subduing them utterly hopeless. He can only live in the midst of such savage wildness by conforming to the conditions of it in becoming himself savage and wild.

The engraving at the head of this article gives some idea of the luxuriance and density of the vegetation which the virgin forests along the banks present to the view of the traveler in descending the river. So great is this density that it is often impossible to penetrate into the thicket faster or farther than one can cut his way with an axe. And even this process is extremely difficult and slow, on account not only of the multitude and the tangled intricacy of the stems and branches of the trees, and of the masses of underbrush and creeping vines, but also of the great hardness of the vegetable tissues of which these plants are composed. They belong chiefly to the endogenous class—that is, those which grow by expansion from within, like the stalk of Indian corn, the bamboo, the reed, and the ratan, instead of by successive layers beneath a soft bark on the outside, as is the case with most trees which grow in temperate climes, and which the axe of the woodman will easily penetrate. The endogenous class of plants have often a portion of silex in their tissues, which gives them great power to resist the action of edge-tools, and makes the work of clearing such land a herculean, and sometimes a practically impossible task.

This exuberance of vegetation, of course, produces inexhaustible supplies of food for insects and animals of every kind that can live on vegetable food; and the multiplication of these animals provides for the sustenance, and so ensures the increase, of beasts and birds of prey in endless variety. But man is, or, rather, has been thus far, in a great measure excluded. He can not, except as a savage, live on whatever happens to grow spontaneously. In order that he may supply his bodily wants with sufficient facility to give him time to exercise his intelligence in cultivating the arts of civilized life he must exterminate the beasts and birds of prey, suppress the mass of wild and useless vegetation, and appropriate the fields that he thus clears to plants that will produce in abundance and with facility the food and the materials for raiment that he desires; to corn, to wheat, to grass for cattle and for sheep; to the vine, to the cotton-plant, and to wood that is suitable to furnish fuel for his fires. This he has thus far not been able to do in these regions which are so completely in the possession of sun and rain. Nature, with her own exuberant life, is too strong for him here. He lives here, it is true, but he lives subdued, conforming his life in a great measure to the savage conditions which control every thing around him.

The animals of the Western continent resemble in *generic* character the corresponding forms existing in other parts of the world, though they are in almost all cases specifically distinct. This fact is in harmony with the views of Darwin, who offers many facts to show that the characteristics of any race of animals become slowly modified in the course of ages by the conditions of life in the place they inhabit; not, indeed, by any change taking place in the individual animal, but by the more sure propagation of those forms which by birth happen to be best fitted to the changed conditions. As the animals in the two continents must have been separated for a very long period, time has been allowed for these changes to make very perceptible progress.

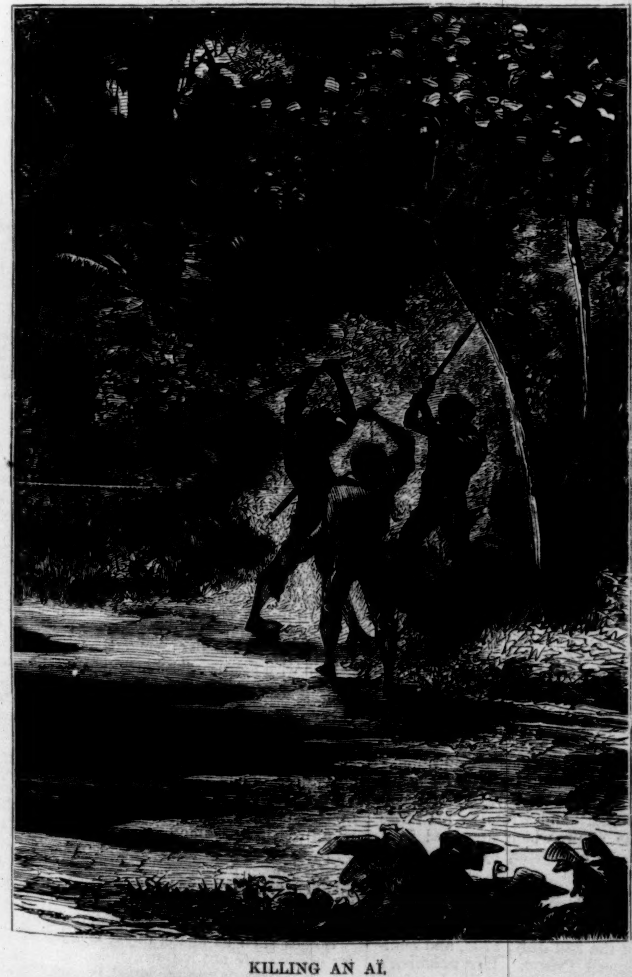
We see in the engraving the animal which is in America the representative of the tiger or leopard of the Old World. Indeed, he is often called the South American tiger, though certain specific differences which characterize him entitle him to his own proper name, the jaguar. The jaguar is a great fisherman. In the engraving he is fishing for turtles in his usual way. His fishing tackle consists of his paws and his tail. When he has taken his post upon a fallen trunk over the water of the river he drops the tip of his tail into the water, to represent a nut or a fruit fallen from a tree; and when the turtle comes to the surface to procure the prize, the jaguar seizes him with one of his claws, and throws him out over to the land. He then springs to the land himself, and holding the turtle down with one paw, he inserts the other between the upper and the under shell, and tears out the quivering flesh and limbs of his victim between them.

The jaguar is a hunter as well as a fisherman. He is strong enough to carry off a horse or an ox, and sometimes does so in those parts of the country where villages of half-civilized colonists have been formed. His chief hunting ground is, however, the tangled forest, where he springs upon animals larger than himself. The engraving shows him upon the back of the tapir, a fierce pachyderm of those regions, which in its form gives one the idea of a boar in process of being developed into an elephant. It is confidently asserted that he kills the prey that he thus seizes by grasping his head between his paws, and drawing it over upon one side with so much force as to break the neck. The jaguar, however, meets his match sometimes, it seems, in the great ant-eater, an animal four or five feet long, and having in some respects the form and some of the characteristics of the bear. He has a very much elongated head and a very bushy tail. His claws are very long and sharply pointed, being formed both for defense and for digging in the ground. When this animal is seized by the jaguar he contrives by his struggles to turn, and to grasp the body of his enemy with his claws, and to cling to it with so fixed and convulsive a grip that even death does not make him relax his hold. The skeletons of the two animals are found sometimes long afterward inseparably interlocked.

Among the other strange and uncouth forms of animal life with which this wonderful region teems is a monster of the tardigrade type, called the aï. The rude colonists kill the aï, when they can find one, for food, though the physiognomy of the animal bears so much resemblance to that of a human being that to most travelers the thought of eating its flesh suggests rather strongly the idea of cannibalism. The half-civilized colonists, however, that inhabit at scattered points this great wilderness of luxuriant life kill them wherever they can find them, and cook and eat them without any repugnance.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of the valley of the Amazon consists of the phenomena resulting from the continual change of the course of the river, which produces a very tortuous course of the channel, and leads to many other results greatly affecting the character and condition of the country through which it flows. All rivers flowing through level or alluvial regions, with banks formed of materials subject to abrasion by water, necessarily form for themselves this tortuous channel. We have examples of this in the Mississippi, the Connecticut, and, indeed, in all rivers flowing through what are called alluvial districts in every part of the world.

This common phrase, which speaks of the river as flowing through an alluvial district, seems to imply that the alluvial formation is independent of the river, which only flows through it—as if it were formed first. But the truth is that in most cases the meadows—or river bottoms, as they are sometimes called—are formed by the river, which must, from natural causes, make for itself a tortuous course if the banks consist of materials soft enough to be abraded. If a perfectly straight canal were made through a plain, and a current of water were caused to pass through it, the canal would soon cease to be straight. The slightest inequality or irregularity in the margin



KILLING AN AÏ.

THE POROROCA.

on one side—the right for example—would deflect the current in some slight degree, and this would soon wear away a little on the other bank, somewhat farther down. This would cause a new and increased deflection of the current back to the right bank again at a point farther down still. Thus a series of encroachments on the banks would begin, and would go on continually increasing, the materials thus abraded being deposited in shoals at the intermediate points.

All rivers, and even brooks, flowing through level lands are now in the condition to which this process, continued perhaps for centuries, has brought them, and the process is still going on. From the concave parts the banks are gradually caving in, and the materials of which they are composed, with the trees growing upon them, are carried away. The sand and gravel are deposited on the convex portions of the banks, which are sheltered, as it were, from the current, while the floating trees get entangled by their roots in the bed of the stream, and become snags and sawyers, or the *nuclei* of new islands; or, jamming together, form immense rafts, which for many miles cover the water from shore to shore.

The curves thus formed go on increasing, until sometimes, as in the Mississippi, the sweep in the river forms an immense bow a great many miles in extent. At last the neck of the bow is worn through, a new channel is made across it, and the entrance into the old one after a time becomes choked up, and is abandoned, and forms a long, curved lake, a mile wide perhaps and fifty miles long. Every inundation of the river, however, brings materials to help fill it up. Aquatic plants grow in it. In time it becomes a marsh, then a swamp, and, in a few centuries, solid ground.

Thus the whole level portion of the valley of such a river is in a state of never-ending change. It is disintegration here, and reconstruction there, but stability and permanence nowhere. The whole country bordering on the Amazon is in this condition. Banks undermined and caving in; trees of immense magnitude, with tangled masses of vines and brush-wood clinging to their branches and roots, floating down the stream; shoals of sand and gravel—some just beginning to be formed, others covered with a rank growth of ferns and bushes, others brought up nearly to the general level—already mantled with a young forest, and receiving from every inundation a fresh layer of fertile soil; long and narrow lakes, at various distances from the present bed of the river, some entirely cut off from the river, and half filled with trunks of fallen trees and aquatic vegetation; others yet open, and accessible by boats; and others still converted into swamps and morasses, and waiting for contributions from the floods of several more centuries to convert them into solid ground.

To complete the wild grandeur of which this wonderful region is the scene, the river at the mouth is subject to the influx at certain times of an immense tidal wave called sometimes the *bore*, though the name given to it by the natives is the *pororoca*. The wave rolls in with such tremendous force that nothing can withstand the rush and the concussion of the water. The vessels in those waters when it is expected seek the best shelter they can find in side channels, away from the main stream, till the violence of the shock has gone by. When, as is sometimes the case, this phenomenon is accompanied by one of the terrific storms of thunder and lightning common in those tropical regions, the effect is inconceivably sublime.

LEAVES FROM OLD LONDON LIFE. 1664–1705.

THE Scottish newspapers recorded, not long ago, some instances of mirages in the Firth of Forth exactly like the freaks of the Fata Morgana in the Straits of Messina; and on three distinct occasions the Bass Rock has assumed, to the eyes of the crowds upon the sands of Dunbar, the form of a giant sugar-loaf crowned by battlements, while the island of the May seemed broken into several portions, which appeared to be perforated by caverns where none in fact exist.

Such optical delusions have been common at all times in certain states of the atmosphere, and science finds a ready solution for them; but in the days of our forefathers they were deemed the sure precursors of dire calamities, invasion, or pestilence.

The years shortly before and after the beginning of the last century seem to have been singularly fruitful in the marvelous; and the most superstitious Celtic peasant in the Scottish glens or the wilds of Connemara would not have believed in more startling events than those which are chronicled in the occasional broadsides, and were hawked about the streets of London by the flying stationers of those days.

To take a few of these at random. We find that all London was excited by strange news from Goeree, in Holland, where, on the evening of the 14th of August, 1664, there was seen by many spectators an apparition of two fleets upon the ocean; these, after seeming to engage in close battle for one hour and a half (the smoke of the noiseless cannon rolling from their sides), vanished as if shown from a magic-lantern. Then appeared in the air two lions, or the figures thereof, which fought three times with great fury, till there came a third of greater size, which destroyed them both. Immediately after this there came slowly athwart the sky, as represented in the wood-cut which surmounted this veracious broadsheet, the giant figure of a crowned king. This form was seen so plainly that the buttons on his dress could be distinguished by the awe-stricken crowd assembled on the sands. Next morning the same apparition was seen again; and all the ocean was as red as blood. "And this happening at this juncture of time," concludes the narrator, "begets some strange apprehensions; for that, about six months before Van Tromp was slain in war with England, there was seen near the same place an apparition of ships in the air fighting with each other."

Sixteen years later another broadsheet announced to the metropolis, that the forms of ships and men also had been seen on the road near Abington on the 26th of August, 1680, "of the truth whereof you may be fully satisfied at the Sarazen's Head Inn, Carter Lane." It would seem that John Nibb, "a very sober fellow," the carrier of Cirencester, with five passengers in his wagon, all proceeding to London about a quarter of an hour after sunrise, were horrified to perceive at the far horizon the giant figure of a man in a black habit, and armed with a broadsword, towering into the sky. Like the spectre of the Brocken, this faded away; but to add to the bewilderment of Nibb and his companions, it was replaced by "about a hundred ships of several bigness and various shapes." Then rose a great hill covered with little villages, and before it spread a plain, on which rode thirty horsemen, armed with carbine and pistol.

The same document records that, on the 12th of the subsequent September, a naval engagement was seen in the air, near Porsnet, in Monmouthshire, between two fleets, one of which came from the northern quarter of the sky, the other from the south. A great ship fired first, "and after her the rest discharged their volleys in order, so that great flashings of fire, and even smoak was visible, and noises in the ayr as of great guns." Then an army of phantoms engaged in "a square medow" near Porsnet, closing in with sword and pistol, and the cries of the wounded and dying were heard. On the 27th of December Ottery, near Exeter, had a visitation of the same kind, when at five in the evening two armies fought in the air till six o'clock. "This was seen by a reverend minister and several others, to their great amazement." On the 2d of the same month the people in Shropshire were, according to another sheet, sorely perplexed by the sudden appearance of two suns in the firmament, and it was duly remembered that "such a sign was seen before the death of that tempestuous fire-brand of Rome here in England, Thomas Beckett, Archbishop of Canterbury, and when Queen Mary began her bloody reign."

Then follow the death of the three lions in the Tower, and a vast enumeration of fiery darts, bullets, storms of hail, and floods, making up that which the writer hopes will prove "a word in season to a sinking kingdom."

Nor were ghosts wanting at this time, of a political nature, too; for, in the same year, there was hawked in London an account of an apparition which appeared three several times to Elizabeth Freeman, thirty-one years of age, on each occasion delivering a message to his sacred Majesty King Charles the Second. As certified before Sir Joseph Jorden, knight, and Richard Lee, D.D., rector of Hatfield, her story was as follows, and was, no doubt, a political trick:

On the night of the 24th of January, 1680, she was sitting at her mother's fireside, with a child on her knee, when a solemn voice behind her said, "Sweet-heart!" and, on turning, she was startled to perceive a veiled woman all in white, whose face was concealed, and whose hand—a pale and ghastly one—rested on the back of her chair.

"The 15th day of May is appointed for the royal blood to be poisoned," said the figure. "Be not afraid, for I am only sent to tell thee," it added, and straightway vanished.

On Tuesday, the 25th of January, the same figure met her at the house door, and asked Elizabeth if she "remembered the message;" but the woman, instead of replying, exclaimed, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what art thou?" Upon this the figure assumed "a very glorious shape," and saying, "Tell King Charles, from me, not to remove his Parliament, but stand to his council," vanished as before. Next evening the veiled figure appeared again, when Elizabeth was with her mother, who, on beholding her daughter's manifest terror, said, "Dost thou see any thing?" She was then warned to retire, after which the spectre said, sternly, "Do your message." "I shall, if God enable me," replied Elizabeth. After this the spectre appeared but once again, and remained silent. "This was taken from the maid's own mouth by me, Richard Wilkinson, schoolmaster in the said town of Hatfield."

In 1683, as a variety, London was treated to an account of a dreadful earthquake in Oxfordshire, where the houses were rocked like ships or cradles, while tables, stools, and chests "rowled to and fro with the violence of the Shog."

The year 1687 brought "strange and wonderful news from Cornwall, being an account of a miraculous accident which happened near the town of Bodmyn, at a place called Park. Printed by J. Wallis, White Fryars Gate—next Fleet St.—near the Joyners Shop."

From this it would appear that on Sunday, the 8th of May, Jacob Mutton, whose relations were of good repute, and who was servant to William Hicks, rector of Cordinham (at a house he had near the old parish church of Eglashayle, called Park), heard, on going into his chamber about eight o'clock in the evening, a hollow voice cry, "So hoe! so hoe! so hoe!" This drew him to the window of the next room, from whence, to the terror of a lad who shared his bed, he disappeared, and could nowhere be found.

According to his own narrative, he had no sooner laid a hand upon an iron bar of the window, which was seventeen feet from the ground, than the whole grating fell into the yard below, all save the bar which he had grasped. This bar was discovered in his hand next morning, as he lay asleep in a narrow lane beyond the little town of Stratton, among the hills, thirty miles distant from Park. There he was wakened by the earliest goers to Stratton fair, who sent him home, sorely bewildered, by the way of Camelford. "On Tuesday he returned to his master's estate, without any hurt, but very melancholy, saying 'that a tall man bore him company all the journey, over hedges and brakes, yet without weariness.'" What became of this mysterious man he knew not, neither had he any memory of how the iron bar came to be in his hand. "To conclude, the young man who is the occasion of this wonderful relation was never before this accident accounted any ways inclinable to sadness, but, on the contrary, was esteemed an airy, brisk, and honest young fellow."

But Mutton's adventure was a joke when compared with that of Mr. Jacob Seeley, of Exeter, as he related it to the judges on the western circuit, when, on the 22d of September, 1690, he was beset by a veritable crowd of dreadful spectres. He took horse for Taunton, in Somersetshire, by the Hinton Cliff road, on which he had to pass a solitary place known as the Black Down. Prior to this he halted at a town called Cleston, where the coach and wagons usually tarried, and there he had some roast beef, with a tankard of beer and a noggin of brandy, in company with a stranger, who looked like a farmer, and who rode by his side for three miles, till they reached the Black Down, when he suddenly vanished into the earth or air, to the great perplexity of Mr. Jacob Seeley. This emotion was rather increased when he found himself surrounded by from one to two hundred spectres, attired as judges, magistrates, and peasantry, the latter armed with pikes; but, gathering courage, he hewed at them with his sword, though they threw over his head something like a fishing-net, in which they retained him from nine at night till four next morning. He thrust at the shadows with his rapier, but he felt nothing, till he saw one "was cut and had four of his fingers hanging by the skin," and then he found blood upon his sword. After this ten spectre funerals passed; then two dead bodies were dragged near him by the hair of the head; and other horrors succeeded, till the spell broke at cock-crow.

It was now remembered that the house wherein Mr. Seeley had his beef, beer, and brandy had been kept by one of Monmouth's men (the spectre farmer, probably), who had been hung on his own sign-post, and the piece of ground where the net confined the traveler was a place where many of the hapless duke's adherents had been executed and interred. Hence it was named the Black Down, according to the sheet before us, which was "Printed for T. M., London, 2d Oct., 1690."

A sheet circulated at the close of the preceding year warns "all hypocrites and atheists to beware in time," as there had been a dreadful tempest of thunder and lightning in Hants, at Alton, where the atmosphere became so obscure that the electric flashes alone lighted the church during the service, in which two balls of fire passed through its eastern wall, another tore the steeple to pieces, broke the clock to shreds, and bore away the weather-cock. The narrator adds that all Friesland was under water, and that a flood in the Tiber had swept away a portion of the Castle of St. Angelo.

As another warning, London was visited in 1689 by a tempest, which uprooted sixty-five trees in St. James's Park and Moorfields, blew down the vane of St. Michael's Church in Cornhill, and innumerable chimneys, and injured many well-built houses, and part of the Armorers' Hall in Coleman Street. Several persons were killed in Gravel Lane and Shoreditch; sixty empty boats were dashed to pieces against the bridge; three Gravesend barges full of people were cast away, and the *Crown* man-of-war was stranded at Woolwich.

But the warning seems to have been in vain, for London, in 1692, was treated to an earthquake, which—as another sheet records—spread terror and astonishment about the Royal Exchange, all along Cornhill, in Lothbury, and elsewhere, on the 8th of September. All things on shelves were cast down, and furniture was tossed from wall to wall; the Spitalfields weavers had to seek shelter in flight, and all their looms were destroyed; these and other calamities were, it was alleged, "occasioned by the sins of the nation," and to avert such prodigies the prayers of all good men were invoked.

Two years later saw another marvel, when "the dumb maid of Wapping," Sarah Bowers, recovered her power of speech through the prayers of Messrs. Russel and Veil, "two pious divines," who exorcised and expelled the evil spirit which possessed her; and in 1696 the metropolis was treated to the "detection of a popish cheat" concerning two boys who conversed with the devil, though none seemed to doubt the Protestant miracle.

The close of the century, 1700, saw "the dark and hellish powers of witchcraft exercised upon the Reverend Mr. Wood, minister of Bodmyn," on whom a spell was cast by a mysterious paper, or written document, which was given to him by a man and woman on horseback (the latter probably seated on a pillion), after which he became strangely disordered, and wandered about in fields, meadows, woods, and lonely places, drenched the while with copious perspirations; however, "the spell was ultimately found in his doublet, and on the burning thereof, Mr. Wood was perfectly restored," and wrote to his uncle an account of the affair, which appeared in a broadsheet published at Exeter, by Darker and Farley, 1700.

Rosemary Lane was the scene of another wonder, when a notorious witch was found in a garret there, and carried before Justice Bateman, in Well Close, on the 23d July, 1704, and committed to Clerkenwell Prison. Her neighbor's children, through her alleged diabolical power, vomited pins, and were terrified by apparitions of enormous cats. By uttering one word she turned the entire contents of a large shop topsy-turvy. She was judicially tossed into the river from a ducking-stool, "but, like a bladder when put under water, she popped up again, for this witch swam like a cork." This was an indisputable sign of guilt; and in her rage or terror she smote a young man on the arm, where the mark of her hand remained "as black as coal;" he died soon after in agony, and was buried in St. Sepulchre's church-yard. Of the woman's ultimate fate we know nothing.

In 1705 London was excited by a new affair: "The female ghost and wonderful discovery of an iron chest of money"—a rare example of the gullibility of people in the days of the good Queen Anne.

A certain Madam Maybel, who had several houses in Rosemary Lane, lost them by unlucky suits and unjust decrees of the law: for a time they were tenantless, and fell to decay and ruin. For several weeks, nay months past (continues the broadsheet), a strange apparition appeared nightly to a Mrs. Harvey and her sister, near relations of the late Madam Maybel, announcing that an iron chest filled with treasure lay in a certain part of one of the old houses in the lane. On their neglecting to heed the vision, the ghost became more importunate, and proceeded to threaten Mrs. Harvey "that if she did not cause it to be digged up in a certain time (naming it) she should be torn to pieces." On this the terrified gentlewoman sought the council of a minister, who advised her to "demand in the name of the Holy Trinity how the said treasure should be disposed of."

Next night she questioned the spectre, and it replied,

"Fear nothing; but take the whole four thousand pounds into your own possession; and when you have paid twenty pounds of it to one Sarah Goodwin, of Tower Hill, the rest is your own; and be sure you dig it up on the night of Thursday, the 7th December!"

Accordingly men were set to work, and certainly a great iron chest "was found under an old wall in the very place which the spirit had described."

One of the diggers, John Fishpool, a private of the Guards, "has been under examination about it; and 'tis thought that the gentleman who owns the ground will claim the treasure as his right, and 'tis thought there will be a suit of law commenced on it." Many persons crowded to see the hole from whence the chest had been exhumed in Rosemary Lane; and, by a date upon the lid, it would seem to have been made or concealed in the ninth year of the reign of Henry the Eighth.

The dreadful effects of going to conjurors next occupied the mind of the public.

Mr. Rowland Rushway, a gentleman of good reputation, having lost money and plate to a considerable amount, Hester, his wife, took God to witness "that if all the cunning men in London could tell, she should discover the thief, though it cost her ten pounds!"

With this view she repaired to the house of a judicial astrologer in Moorfields, about noon, when the day was one of great serenity and beauty. After some preliminary mummery or trickery, the wizard placed before her a large mirror, wherein she saw gradually appear certain indistinct things, which ultimately assumed "the full proportion of one man and two women."

"These are the very persons who stole your property," said the astrologer; "do you know them?"

"No," she replied.

"Then," quoth he, "you will never have your goods again."

She paid him and retired; but had not gone three roods from the house when the air became darkened, the serene sky was suddenly overcast, and there swept through the streets a dreadful tempest of wind and rain, done, as she alleged, "by this cunning man, Satan's agent, with diabolical black art," forcing her to take shelter in an ale-house to escape its fury. "Many chairmen and market folks were all cognizant of this storm, which was confined to the vicinity of the ale-house and a portion of the adjacent river, where many boats were cast away; and the skirt of it would seem to have visited Gray's Inn Walk, where three stately trees were uprooted!"

CAMEOS AND CAMEO-CUTTING.

THERE is great uncertainty as to the origin of the word *cameo*, or *camaieu*; some of the learned tracing it to the Arabic *camaa*, an amulet; others supposing it to be derived from *chama*, a shell used by workers in cameo; others, again, giving it an Italian origin. The term, however derived, in modern languages has always been applied to a gem, stone, or shell carved in relief, in contradistinction to *intaglio*, or engraving *in cavo*; though usually understood to signify a medallion with figures raised in relief upon a ground of a different color.

Cameos were highly prized by the ancients; glyptographic art being brought to the utmost state of perfection in the palmy days of Greece, at the same time with the arts of architecture and sculpture. The names of a few ancient gem-engravers have been handed down to us. We hear of Cronius and Apollonides, and of Pyrgoteles, who lived in the time of Alexander the Great, and was employed by him both as a seal-engraver and worker in cameo. There are but few undoubted Greek cameos extant; one of these—having for its subject Cupid playing on a lyre—is inscribed with the name "Plotarque."

Stones such as agate, onyx, and jasper, used for cameos, are not indestructible, like the gems on which signets are engraved, but, on the con-

trary, are extremely liable to be split or chipped. Work in relief, moreover, if buried in the ground with other *débris*, becomes injured and defaced; this will account for the small number of antique cameos remaining. Of shell cameos there is only one Greek specimen existing, the head of a nymph found in a vase at Vulci. This one specimen is, however, quite sufficient to prove that carving on shells was practiced by Greek artists. The frailty of the material renders it little surprising that no others have been discovered.

Cameo-cutting was an art much esteemed in the Augustan age, when Greek artists were encouraged to settle in Rome in order to supply the demand for these beautiful ornaments. Cameos have always been truly *objets de luxe*, and were used among the Romans, not only to decorate their persons, but the service of their table, especially those cups called *gemmæ potariæ*. Many of these beautiful cups are preserved in the cabinets of collectors. But few Roman artists arrived at so great a degree of perfection in carving and engraving as the Greeks. They were less skillful in design, and were for the most part content to copy from *intaglii* and other sources. The demand for cameos became so great in the latter days of the Empire, that in wealthy houses slaves were regularly employed in cutting cameos, just as they were in transcribing manuscripts. Of course these slaves were not all artists, not all even skillful copyists; thus the art of cameo-working became degraded.

There are few antique cameos of so small a size as to fit rings; they are mostly of bolder workmanship, in order to be effective at a distance, though Seneca mentions a ring set with the head of Tiberius in cameo. The reason why these cameo rings are rare is obvious: among the ancients rings were little used except as signets, for which engraved gems were, of course, only applicable.

The stones principally used by the Greeks and Romans for cameo-cutting were the agate, onyx, and the Indian sardonyx; the latter was the most prized on account of the variety of tint in its different beds or layers, and its beautiful warm, transparent, carnelian-like ground. In these stones there are two or three, or sometimes even four, layers of various contrasting hues, as white on dark red, or white on black. In others the upper layer is blue or brown, the centre one white, and the base black or warm brown. The real Oriental onyx is now scarce, and therefore valuable. A stone the size of a crown piece is worth about thirty pounds.

These precious pebbles were formerly found in India plentifully enough in the beds of torrents. The Indians were in the habit of boring holes through them and wearing them as necklaces. The Romans purchased them in their original round or oval shape, and cut them down into flat disks, to work upon according to the disposition of the strata. The cameo-cutters prized these pebbles all the more when perforated, as they considered the hole a warrant for the genuineness of the article. In the Pulski collection there is a cameo carved on an onyx that has been perforated in this manner, and in the hole is still a bit of the wire by which the stone was originally suspended.

The great value of the Oriental onyx and sardonyx gave rise to many imitations, and much imposture. One method employed by modern as well as ancient lapidaries is to place the sard stone upon a red-hot iron; this produces upon the surface of the red stone an opaque white layer. Another plan is to saw stones of different tints into thin slabs and to join them artificially; or the pebble is cut extremely thin, and a lining is applied to alter or enrich the natural hue of the ground; or the design is carved in a layer of one stone, and placed upon a separate ground. All these are defects, and impair the value of the cameo so treated.

A cameo, to be perfect, should have each layer pure in tint; one color should not flow into or impinge upon another. Where a stone is used of a great variety of tint, exquisite taste and skill are required to accommodate the design to these freaks of nature: this has frequently been done so successfully as to lead to the supposition that artificial coloring must have been added.

Cameos were frequently worn suspended round the neck by gold chains or collars. It is recorded that when Cardinal Ippolito de Medici set out for France he was escorted to some distance by a company of nobles and gentlemen, among whom was Giovanni del Castel Bolognese, one of the most celebrated gem-engravers of that day. The cardinal, on taking leave of the artist, removed from his neck a cameo worth more than six hundred scudi, and presented it to him, desiring him to keep it till his return.

Matteo del Nassaro was one of the greatest artists in cameo in the beginning of the sixteenth century. He was the son of a shoemaker at Verona, but soon quitted his father's trade for the pursuit of that art in which he afterward so much excelled. He was especially remarkable for the tasteful and skillful manner in which he made use of the natural tints of the stone on which he worked. Two specimens may be cited. One, a deposition from the cross, in a piece of green jasper marked with red spots; on this stone he contrived his design so that the red spots appeared exactly where the wounds would have been represented. The other, perhaps still more ingenious, is a head of Dejanira on a peculiarly marked stone. The face and neck are of a delicate pale tint, approaching that of flesh; a portion, of tawny color, is converted into the lion's skin that serves as head-dress, and a bright red vein running through this, brought into the reverse of the skin, makes it appear as if freshly torn off from the animal. Nassaro, in spite of his low origin, was of a haughty temper. A nobleman persisted in offering him a lower price than he demanded for one of his cameos. Nassaro refused the paltry price, but offered the gem as a present to the illiberal connoisseur. The nobleman refused the gift, and again repeated his offer; this so enraged Nassaro that he seized an iron instrument that lay near and dashed the beautiful cameo to pieces.

The Italian and French cameo-cutters of the renaissance excelled greatly in portraiture. They have left us many most interesting works, where not only the features of those they thus immortalized, but the costume is rendered with the utmost nicety. To Coldoré we are indebted for several valuable specimens of portrait in cameo; among the rest, one of Queen Elizabeth, carved on an onyx stone.

For a time the rage for cameo collecting appeared to decline; but during the last half of the eighteenth and the early part of the present century the art of cameo-cutting again revived, and at no period was it brought to greater perfection. Enormous sums were given for antique specimens. A fragment ascribed to Apollonides was purchased by the Duke of Marlborough for a thousand guineas; but at the same time contemporary artists were munificently rewarded. Most of these were Italians; but two celebrated Germans must be mentioned, John Pikler and Laurence Natter, who has left a treatise on gem-engraving. Several Englishmen also achieved a name in this elegant art.

The Empress Josephine, extravagant in all her tastes, paid 10,000 francs for a cameo of Roman work—a Roma crowned by Victory. Charmed with her acquisition, she ordered Denon, who was then director of the *Musée Impérial*, to select from the treasures under his care a sufficient number of cameos to form with the one she had purchased a complete *parure*. These gems of art, which were elaborately mounted, were intended to form a part of the crown jewels of France; but after the fall of Napoleon the cameos were not restored, and at the death of Josephine they were divided and dispersed among the different cabinets of Europe.

The high price given for choice cameos induced fraud, and an endeavor after extensive production without sufficient regard to quality; the consequence was that cameo-cutting, as an art, again declined. The best specimens now manufactured are the shell cameos of Rome and Paris. In previous ages the carver had to content himself with the shells of the Mediterranean Sea; but now the Indian conchs supply a material for beauty and richness of hue only inferior to the Oriental sardonyx. Cameos are vulgarized by the loads of inferior works that are every where exhibited for sale. The real value of a cameo consists of purity of material, beauty of design, and delicacy of workmanship; and these can not be obtained without price.

WAR NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

A German publication, the *Soldier's Friend*, gives the following account of the Emperor William's daily routine: "His Majesty usually rises at seven o'clock, in summer frequently much earlier, in winter sometimes later. He never sleeps but in his own campaign bed, which is carried to all reviews and military manœuvres which he attends. If there is already a bed in the room where he stays, it is taken out and the campaign bed substituted. The latter consists of an iron frame; it is only a foot high, and has but little furniture. In raw weather the King wears his cloak. Only a small pocket watch is hung up by the wall near this simple couch, this being a favorite souvenir with which the King was presented in 1814, on accompanying his royal father in a journey to Neufchatel and through Switzerland. At a previously fixed, or otherwise at the ordinary time, if the King has not already rung, two attendants enter the room. On days when there is to be a battle this occurs at a very early hour, as at Sadowa, where he was awoke at four A.M., and at Gravelotte, where he was awoke at three, for the King likes to be present at the marching out of the troops. If this is not necessary, dispatches, etc., are laid on the table where the King drinks coffee, so that they come immediately into his hands. The King, as soon as he rises, dresses from head to foot, and remains dressed the whole day, merely unbuttoning his over-coat if he is alone in his room, or receives only persons on his suit. When other persons are received he always appears with buttoned over-coat, as also when he steps up to a window to watch troops marching by, or if he knows that military persons can see him. On returning from journeys and reviews, or from a battle, he changes his linen, but entirely dresses again. A dressing-gown, slippers, or any other domestic luxury, which almost every independent man allows himself at home, the King has never used, even during indisposition or sickness. The King opens all his letters himself, without exception; even during serious illness they must be opened in his presence. He sorts them. On a first perusal he makes signs or marginal comments on them. These signs have a fixed signification, and the officials into whose hands they come know how to deal with them. All letters destined for the Berlin ministry go back thither; otherwise they are sent to the authorities at head-quarters. Every thing goes on according to a regular method, and the King has really only one habit—that of working."

TERRIBLE CONDITION OF FRANCE.

"Pauperism," says a writer in the *Cologne Gazette*, "will, on the conclusion of peace, prevail in one-half of France, and will eat up the other half. Already armed bands are roaming about which plunder the country houses and châteaux, and murder their own countrymen with the very arms put into their hands by the country as francs-tireurs. Hundreds of thousands have been suffering for months. They are enduring all privations for a time as a sacrifice imposed on them by the misfortunes of the country; but with the war their resignation will cease. Hundreds of thousands of officials are starving, with their families, because too old to carry a musket. In the occupied towns the inhabitants have long ceased work, and have not the means to procure the requisite materials. Entire communities have emigrated, and will, perhaps, on their return, find half their property burned. Who will restore all this, and who will be less able to do so than a new republican government, which will send a multitude of spouters and followers into the provinces to make the confusion greater than it is already? I often hear it said, "What matters it to us how France will get on its legs again?" This point of view is quite a wrong one. On the contrary, it is of great importance to us how France will reconstitute itself. Murder and conflagration on our frontiers, especially on the frontiers newly acquired, can not be indifferent to us; and as these will infallibly follow the war, Germany is in some degree bound for a time to keep up a kind of guardianship over this unfortunate country. This is, of course, a question for the peace negotiations.

THE CONDITIONS OF PEACE.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* thinks it a fortunate circumstance that peace was not concluded immediately after Sedan, as a durable peace, the only reasonable object of the war, has only just become attainable. "Had we made peace after Sedan," it remarks, "we should have conquered only the Emperor and his marshals, not France. France would have been, in its own opinion, the real victor, and would eventually have taunted us with having retreated out of fear of the genius and vigor of the republic. Now, however, when the generals of the republic, as many as have confronted us, have been just as little able to keep the field, with the rapidly mustered levies of the republic, as the Emperor's marshals and armies were—indeed, still less so; when not a single general witnesses the end of the struggle as a victor; when not a single strong-hold has been able to resist the German attack—France, the French people, is conquered. Now, for the first time, can a durable peace be concluded; for only when returning peace has assuaged passions, and quiet consideration returns to our hot-blooded enemy—when the consciousness of his deserved defeat is brought home to him—does a permanent friendly understanding between the two peoples become possible. There would otherwise have only been a truce of longer or shorter duration. After Sedan, moreover—and this is the chief matter for us—the war, in spite of its glorious ebullition of popular feeling, would have been without influence on the development of our national relations, whereas we now owe to it the formation of the German state. Proud as we justly are of the martial victories of our troops, we may equally rejoice at our peaceful victory over internal discord and disunion. As the former guarantee us a gloriously secured peace, so may the latter bring us internal peace and unity. In this double sense may it henceforth be said 'The German empire is peace.'"

FRENCH PUBLIC OPINION.

A correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette*, who has since the beginning of the war traversed the departments occupied by the Germans in various directions, and has had intercourse with people of all classes, states that during the last two months the national confidence has been gradually giving way. "I have," he says, "spoken with no Frenchman, of whatever rank, during the last six weeks, who did not admit the urgent necessity of peace, and who was not prepared for any sacrifice to obtain it. Now, at length, on all hands, wherever our armies penetrate, it is seen and confessed that people have been grossly deceived by their government and press. A few *exaltés*, of course, excepted, all are now unanimous for obtaining peace on our own terms, and for giving up Alsace and German Lorraine. As to the country's future, however, there are conflicting feelings. Country people, many of whom in various districts I have conversed with, would accept any government which gave them tranquillity, and imposed no greater burdens than formerly. Even Napoleon III. would suit them. They remember what he has done for agriculture by opening means of communication—roads, railways, and canals. Simple peasants have frequently surprised me by saying, 'We must, above all things, have our children learn more, and improve national education; that is our greatest task after the peace.' As a small pendant to this, take the following. I enter a peasant's cottage at Toury. A German musketeer is sitting by the fire. I converse with the daughter of the house, a handsome brunette, on the supply of fuel. The musketeer listens, scratches his head, and says to himself, 'It is provoking to listen, and not understand a syllable: my son must learn languages.' Both town and country people frequently remark that, whatever the form of government, the right of declaring war must not henceforth be given to a single man. Artisans and laborers wished to maintain the republic, generally associating vague ideas and expectations with this form of government. The middle classes are decidedly averse to the republic, fearing that it will not sufficiently guarantee peace and order. They do not like people without property to push themselves forward, only, as they think, to make money at the expense of others; and they see in a republic nothing but the opportunity for this. An Orleans prince, perhaps the Comte de Paris, would most content them. The clergy are just as little for the republic, and they would like us to get rid of it for them. '*Débarrassez-nous de cette république*,' said a country priest to me. Of course they do not like the invasion, fearing that its influence and consequences will diminish their power in the country. Hence their zealous support of the francs-tireurs, and of measures of resistance. The greater part of them regard the invasion as more dangerous to their interests than the republic itself, which is not expected to last. They would prefer the Comte de Chambord. The old aristocracy, as far as I can gather from personal observation, is legitimist and clerical, but would accept an Orleanist. They mostly keep aloof from active participation in the war. Both they and the clergy are opposed to national education. 'The extension of education is our misfortune,' said the Marquis of —— to me: 'as soon as the people have learned any thing they become discontented. Whoever can just read and write takes up with journalism, makes an opposition, and produces confusion. This so-called culture makes the people ungovernable, and puts confused notions into their heads.' The Marquis is one of the most ancient nobility who used to decline all invitations to the Tuileries, and whom the ex-Emperor consequently kept out of the Corps Législatif. Thus do things stand at present. Every body yearns for peace, yet nobody makes it. Frenchmen told me Gambetta should have a safe-conduct given him to go through the occupied provinces, as he would then certainly conclude peace."

EXPLORATION IN PERU.

Within the past few years the government authorities of Peru have done a great deal toward exploring the less known portions of that country, especially those on the eastern slope of the Andes; and the report of a late expedition has just reached us. The object of the examination in question was to determine the navigability of the River Perenè, and the character of the adjacent country. This river, which is a branch of the Ucayale, or rather of the Apurimac, rises near the town of Tarma, in the department of Junin, and flows through the country of the Chunchumayo Indians, a wild and but little known tribe. According to the report of the chief of the expedition, dated October 26, the river was found to be completely unobstructed, and navigable to within a distance of only fifty-eight leagues from Lima, so that water communication with the Atlantic becomes practicable by that route in half the time now required to pass round Cape Horn. The river is one hundred yards wide, and from three to five fathoms in depth, up to a point where a convenient route across the Andes from Lima would strike it.

In the course of the expedition an Indian camp was met with, in which was a house twenty yards long, sixteen yards wide, and fifteen yards high. In this they found a sort of furnace for smelting iron, which was of a square form, about two yards high, and one and three-quarter yards each way, constructed of bricks half a yard long. The fire was furnished with two double bellows, the fuel used being coal and wood, mixed with pounded ore. A considerable quantity of cast iron was found, and a number of articles of unusual excellence of construction. None of the Indians themselves were met with.

NIGHT UPON THE ALPS.

Mr. Edward Whymper, who has long been known as one of the most enterprising and successful of English mountain climbers, has described his exploits and hair-breadth escapes in a volume that has just been published.

At an early period he found that there were many mountain excursions which might be made with pleasure—ascents which were commonly supposed to be impracticable—if it was possible to sleep out at considerable elevations. After endeavoring, without success, to use sleeping-bags, he turned his attention to tents, and at length produced one which would stand in any wind, and was "sufficiently portable to be taken over the most difficult ground." In this tent he slept on numerous occasions 11,000, 12,000, and even 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, enjoying the glories of sunrise and sunset in the Alps, in comfort, even in luxury.

A blanket sleeping-bag is a very good thing during fine weather, but it does not, of course, afford sufficient protection during rainy or snowy weather. If a water-proof case is added, the bag may be very uncomfortable. Mackintosh coverings are hot and close in warm weather, and during cold they are exceedingly cold. They exclude ventilation; from their weight, lie closely over the blanket, and conduct the warmth away, or at least prevent the pleasant accumulation that takes place in a tent.

Here is one of our author's blanket-bag experiences: "As it was getting dark, I encamped in a lovely hole—a cavity, or kind of basin, in the earth—with a stream on one side, a rock to windward, and some broken pine branches close at hand. Nothing could be more perfect: rock, hole, wood, and water. After making a roaring fire, I nestled in my blanket bag (an ordinary blanket sewn up, double round the legs, with a piece of elastic ribbon round the open end), and slept, but not for long. I was troubled with dreams of the Inquisition; the tortures were being applied; priests were forcing fleas down my nostrils and into my eyes, and with red-hot pincers were taking out bits of flesh, and then cutting off my ears, and tickling the soles of my feet. This was too much; I yelled a great yell, and awoke to find myself covered with innumerable crawling bodies. They were ants. I had camped by an ant-hill, and, after making its inhabitants mad with the fire, had coolly lain down in their midst.

"The night was fine, and as I settled down in more comfortable quarters, a brilliant meteor